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FEATHERS

WITH

YELLOW GOLD

*The Story of Redemption Home*

EVA ROSE YORK





# Feathers With Yellow Gold

The Story of the  
Book  
Toronto, Canada

## FEATHERS WITH YELLOW GOLD

BY THE AUTHOR

The Author of  
THE FEATHERS WITH YELLOW GOLD

The Story of the  
Book

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# Feathers With Yellow Gold

The Story of Redemption  
Home

Toronto, Canada

BY EVA ROSE YORK (1858—

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With An Introduction By

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*Though ye have lien among the pots,  
yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove  
covered with silver, and her feathers with  
yellow gold.—PSALM 68: 13.*





## INTRODUCTION

A year ago I happened to notice a reference to the poem included in this volume. In discussing its significance, a critic remarked that he could learn nothing of the author but her name. "Who is Eva Rose York," he inquired, "and what else has she written?" Since these questions will be asked by those who read these pages, I have promised to tell something of the life and work of the writer.

Eva Rose York, as she has been known for thirty-six years, was born at Norwich, Ontario, in 1858, the daughter of Heman Parker Fitch and his wife, Melissa Wolverton. This fact explains much that seems contradictory in her life. When liberty of conscience was established in the Netherlands, one of the English Fitches fled to Holland, where his descendants remained until they returned to England with William and Mary. Under the Georges, two brothers, sons of one of these refugees who wrote his name *Fitch*, emigrated to New England. At the Revolution their paths separated; one became a Loyalist, the other a Continental. Though the latter, unlike his brother, did not join the Northward Migration at the close of the war, his grandson Heman, deserting the Congregational Establishment of his fathers, became one of the founders of the Baptist Church in what was then Upper Canada. From him his granddaughter inherits her loyalty to the denomination with which she has been most intimately connected. On her mother's side, too, she comes from the New England element—Puritan and Loyalist—which has contributed so much to the moral and intellectual progress of the Dominion. Naturally,





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then, a reader will expect to find in the record of her life little but the harshness of theocracy in Massachusetts and the commonplaceness of its aftermath in Ontario. Yet, though the Wolvertons, faithful to their origin, may have accepted the religion of the Pilgrims in its ultimate harshness and commonplaceness, they still clung to the culture that survived the exodus to the New World. To her parents Melissa Wolverton owed the love of music and of literature which she bequeathed to her daughter Eva Rose.

Nothing can be more typical of these two ancestral streams and of her dual personality than the education of that daughter. As a matter of course she was sent to Woodstock College, the single centre of Baptist education in the province. There she followed the ordinary academic curriculum, which savored largely of the religious views of its founders, and accepted many of the principles on which it was based. From Woodstock as a matter of course she was entered at a private school, from which she was graduated in music. If she had other ambitions after her graduation, they were overshadowed by her marriage, in 1879, to Winford York, an Ontario physician. This interruption of her educational career, however, was of short duration ; for her husband died in the following year, and, in 1881, she became a student at the New England Conservatory of Music.

Entering on her profession, she returned to Woodstock as a member of the faculty. Thence she went to Iowa City as organist of St. Mary's Church and instructor at the Conservatory of Music. In Belleville, where she resided while organist of the Eastern Methodist Church of Napanee, she founded the Belleville Philharmonic Chorus and Orchestra, which did much to develop musical taste in Eastern Ontario. Her work as conductor, which



was interrupted by a residence of four years in Toronto, where she was organist, and, later, choir leader of Grace Church, was resumed with renewed energy on her return to Belleville as organist of St. Andrew's. During the next three years, during which the choirs of the city were united under her leadership, her success was continuous.

Meanwhile she had not been idle with her pen. For some months she was editor of the *Dominion Musical Journal*. Even then, however, she appears to have been oppressed by the conflict of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," and to have entered definitely on the path of the author of *Paradise Lost*. In *Chaon Orr*, a biographical novel published in 1896, the magnitude of this struggle is apparent. Already, too, her *Waif Stories*—echoes of her interest in the Hospital for Sick Children—had shown that her thoughts were turning towards the poor and the unfortunate. It is not surprising, then, that her next book, *The White Letter* (1902), should reveal the complete dominance of the religious and philanthropic spirit to which she had gradually surrendered.

After her withdrawal from the Belleville Philharmonic Chorus and Orchestra many of her friends had been grieved by her inexplicable neglect of her profession. On the appearance of *The White Letter* others had to confess that her literary aspirations had also been obscured; for nothing of the promise of *Chaon Orr* is to be found in this slight didactic story of social regeneration. Yet few, indeed, knew how complete had been the surrender. After her widowhood she had found solace in the companionship of friends and relatives who were bound to her by common interests. What it cost to reject the brightness of these associations for the shadows of Redemption Home no one can estimate. This is not the time to write of that rejection; but the unhappy girls who came under her roof

know that they were received with a tenderness peculiar only to those who have made the great renunciation.

It has long been a commonplace in the Dominion that the spirit of sacrifice is dead : that men care only for gain, and that women care only for pleasure ; but since the men of Canada have gone from every crossroad to the plains of Flanders, and since the women of Canada have rejoiced in anguish to see them go, we know that this, like much easy coin, is false. All who read of the generous sympathy of those who have found leisure—often in the midst of arduous concerns—to counsel and support must feel that there is something symbolic in the record of their unselfishness. It may not be out of place, then, to refer at this time to the work of Redemption Home. The entire story with its struggles and its triumphs will be found in the fourteen annual reports included in this volume. In them a reader will learn of the establishment of the Home and of the gradual change in its character. He will discover this that change kept pace with its needs and with the development of its founder's belief in the unfailing providence of God. Of the sacrifice, the counsel, the support, and the progress he must read for himself.

As the reports were written to be delivered at annual meetings, before audiences unacquainted, in part, with the evolution of the Home, a certain degree of repetition was obviously necessary. To present a continuous narrative I have therefore taken the liberty of omitting many passages that seem redundant. Otherwise the reports appear almost as they were printed. They were issued with no thought of ultimate collection, and Mrs. York would be the first, I know, to controvert any claim to literary merit. Yet in spite of the colloquial form in which they are cast, their simplicity and sincerity make them notable docu-



ments in the history of philanthropic endeavor and religious experience.

For two years the Home to which they refer has been devoted to other purposes. A long illness has made clear to its founder that the task which she began sixteen years ago has been completed. She has surrendered her interest in music and literature, and now she feels that she must surrender her oversight of the unfortunate girls to whom other homes are at last open. Though she thus gives up the work of which the present building is the culmination, she has made permanent in this volume the story of its success. *Feathers with Yellow Gold*, I am sure, she will not regard as an *apologia*; but to those of her friends who may think of her life as a contradiction, or as a thing of shreds and patches, it may bring a revelation of continuity which they would not have different.

TROY, NEW YORK,  
July, 1916.

RAY PALMER BAKER.

Since these pages were written—over four years ago—the Trustees have disposed of the Home property. As Mrs. York feels that in her present work she must follow the path on which she entered in 1899, and that she cannot accept the interest on the funds which have accrued from the sale, they have undertaken to disburse them in ways which they believe will meet with the approval of all who have been associated with the development of the Home.

TROY, NEW YORK,  
July, 1920.

RAY PALMER BAKER.

## IN LIFE

## I.

"I shall not pass this way again,"  
Although it bordered be with flowers,  
Although I rest in fragrant bowers  
And hear the singing  
Of song birds, winging  
To highest Heaven their gladsome flight ;  
Though moons are full, and stars are bright,  
And winds and waves are softly sighing,  
While leafy trees make low replying ;  
Though voices clear in joyous strain  
Repeat a jubilant refrain ;  
Though rising suns their radiance throw  
On summer's green and winter's snow  
In such rare splendor that my heart  
Would ache from scenes like these to part ;  
Though beauties heighten,  
And life-lights brighten,  
And joys proceed from every pain,  
"I shall not pass this way again."

## II.

Then let me pluck the flowers that blow,  
And let me listen as I go  
To music rare  
That fills the air.  
And let hereafter  
Songs and laughter  
Fill every pause along the way.  
And to my spirit let me say :  
O soul, be happy ! Soon 'tis trod,  
The path made thus for thee by God.  
Be happy, thou, and bless His name,  
By whom such marvellous beauty came.



## III.

And let no chance by me be lost  
To kindness show at any cost.

“I shall not pass this way again.”

Then let me now relieve some pain,  
Remove some barrier from the road,  
Or lighten some one's heavy load ;  
A helping hand to this one lend,  
Then turn some other to befriend.

O God, forgive  
That now I live

As if I might, sometime, return  
To bless the weary ones who yearn  
For help and comfort every day ;  
For there be such along the way.  
O God, forgive that I have seen  
The beauty only ; have not been  
Awake to sorrow such as this,  
That I have drunk the cup of bliss,  
Remembering not that those there be  
Who drink the dregs of misery.  
I love the beauty of the scene,  
Would roam again o'er fields so green ;  
But since I may not, let me spend  
My strength for others to the end.  
For those who tread on rock and stone  
And bear their burdens all alone ;  
Who loiter not in leafy bowers,  
Nor hear the birds, nor pluck the flowers,  
A larger kindness give to me,  
A deeper love and sympathy.

Then oh ! one day

May some one say,

Remembering a lessened pain,

“Would she could pass this way again !”





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## THE BEGINNING

FIRST ANNUAL MESSAGE. MAY TWENTY-SECOND, 1901

WHEN God called me, in September, 1899, to live with, and work for, lost girls, there was much that was pleasant in the old life to be turned from, and much in the new life from which I shrank. But God gave me this message : "Be strong and of a good courage ; fear not, nor be affrighted at them ; for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee ; He will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

On October twelfth, 1899, I returned to Toronto to begin the new life. I laid plans for the inception and promotion of the work. But they were not God's plans. He soon led me to look to Him only for support, to cut the shore lines, and to launch out into the deep. From month to month while I was boarding, He supplied my need in answer to prayer. During those seven months I gave forty-one gospel addresses, and visited women and girls in their homes, in institutions, and in places of detention.

From the first I prayed earnestly for a small house into which I could receive any girl who was tired of a life of sin. It was not until May first, 1900, that God gave me a manifestation of the answer to that prayer. When the Lord showed me that the Home was to be at 103 Walton Street, and told me to go on and take the house at fourteen dollars a month rent, I had in my purse only one dollar, and did not own a bed, or a table, or a chair. But I had proved God faithful to his promise, and I said to the landlord that I would take the house. And from then until now the songs of Jesus have been heard daily in our Home.

On April first, 1900, the Death Angel came into the Walton Street house, in which I was then staying, and took away the husband and father, and the friend who for more than twenty years had been as a brother to me. Something of the sadness still lingered when on the eighth of May his widow—who was also dearer than friend—and her son bade me good-bye, and I was left in the empty building. A few days before leaving, Mrs. Wilkinson had contributed the bed on which I had slept during the past months, a table, and a few necessary dining-room and kitchen articles ; and so, when the train that took her away had pulled out of the Union Station, I returned to my new home much in need of a consciousness of the Divine Presence.

I had started out to ask God and God only for a supply of all my need, and for days I had been praying that He would send a woman to stay with me for a few nights that the stillness might be broken. I shall never forget the first evening alone in the empty house. The night was dark, and it was raining hard ; and my footsteps echoed through the vacant rooms none too cheerily. I missed the dear one whom we had laid away in Mount Pleasant. I missed the dearer one from whom I had just parted, and with whom I had knelt in prayer during the long months of waiting to know God's mind regarding the Home. I missed everybody. But I was beginning to know the sweetness of victory when my good neighbor to the east of me rang the bell and said that her ten-year-old daughter could not go to sleep for thinking how lonely Mrs. York must be in that empty building. Might she go in and sleep with her ? Then I praised God for another answer to prayer. For two weeks, one of the golden-haired twins, and then the other, shared with me each night the loneli-

ness and sweetness of the Home that was soon to be a heaven on earth to me.

The first two weeks were spent in getting better acquainted with Jesus. I erected the family altar, and at morning, noon, and night God listened to the prayers and praises of a family of one. I think the hymn-singing did a good deal towards keeping the Evil One away. He hates the songs of Jesus ; and it was not long before Christ Himself filled with the glory-light of his Divine Presence every room in the house. No pen can describe the joy. It was unspeakable and full of glory. And now as I write, a year later, the path is brighter and the service sweeter than ever.

Each day brought answers to prayer ; and in about five weeks the Home was furnished plainly but comfortably for a family of six or seven persons.

On June twenty-fifth Miss Kate Flood came to join me in the house-to-house visitation and in whatever service the Lord had need of her. On July eighth Miss Gertrude Smith came to spend a vacation in the Lord's work. Two weeks later she was needed elsewhere, but her place was filled by her sister Estella. These were weeks of self-denial and loving ministry on the part of the dear ones who helped me, but they had the joy of taking the good news of salvation to homes in which Christ was seldom named.

In July Miss Flood was called away on account of her father's illness, and Miss Estella Smith left to prepare for normal examinations. But on August twenty-first the Lord sent to me Miss Emma Galsworthy, who for five months was my faithful "Joshua." She was earnest and untiring in her household duties, fearless in the slum work, and compassionate towards the unfortunate girls around us. She was with me in the most trying experiences of



the Home, and also shared with me its unalloyed pleasures. She grew in spiritual things, and was eager for the best that God has for his children. In January she was laid aside by a serious illness, and for months lay in her bed at her own home, weak, and in pain, but bearing hourly testimony to the preciousness of Jesus and to his power to sustain and cheer.

From late in January until April twelfth I was without a helper. God then sent Miss Gertrude Smith to me again, "to fill a gap" as she said. The Lord knew how great was my need of assistance both in the outside work and in the house duties. Miss Smith came in the power of the Holy Ghost, bringing sunshine and cheer into the Home. We have never known two weeks of greater spiritual blessing than during her stay.

On Tuesday, April thirtieth, the evening before Miss Smith left us, the Lord sent Miss Beryl Armstrong to fill another gap. She remained with me until May twenty-fourth, when she returned to her duties in her own home. God has revealed to her many of his most precious truths, and though frail in body, she brought us many a blessing by the Christ-like Spirit with which she entered into the service.

I bless God for having raised up from time to time those who have been one with me in prayers and in labors. It has meant no little self-denial on the part of these young women. We have a world of our own here, and whoever comes into the life and work must be ready to die to all former associations ; and it has not surprised me that God has sent these dear ones to help me through especially difficult experiences, and then has given them again their old life of freshness and cheer.

It is impossible for me to mention the many contributions received in the way of furniture, fuel, food, and

clothing. The Home as it is today bears testimony to the love and generosity of many of God's dear ones who are not mentioned. There are those also who have contributed weekly to the needs of our table. Although these dear ones will not read their names on these pages, wherever my girls go they will remember with loving gratitude those who have thus remembered them.

I thank God for sending to me the District Nurses from Harbord Street. In what have been the bitterest hours in the life of some of our girls, these messengers of God have brought to us sunshine, courage, and hope when to the sufferer all hope seemed gone. To their skill as nurses God has added a Christ-like compassion for the erring ; and each visit they have made has brought us nearer to Him who is love.

There has also been raised up a man of God to be the physician of the Home. Dr. E. Hooper is not only our skilful physician, but by his encouragement and counsel he has been to me a tower of strength in the most harassing situations. No case has been too depraved for him to touch ; no time too inconvenient for him to come to us. And he has come in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ to minister both to the physical and spiritual needs of the household.

Redemption Home is not a reformatory ; it is not an industrial school, although there is plenty of work to keep every one busy. It is not a place where girls hide themselves from disgrace. It is a Christian home where girls and women who have fallen into sin may come to learn of Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin ; and where girls in trouble who need a mother's love and a sister's sympathy can find them. The girls are received as daughters, rich and poor meeting on common ground.

When I began the work, I had many rules and regula-

tions ; but God has set them aside, and from day to day He tells me what to do. I said that I would not take maternity cases. A large proportion of those who have remained for a considerable length of time have been of that class. I said that the Home should never be a maternity hospital. But already three little ones have been born in it. A child is a child, no matter how unfortunate may be the conditions of its birth ; and Jesus said, "Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me."

I have said of one of the worst girls in our city, a girl depraved and diseased, turned away from institution and hospital, and welcome only to jail and reformatory,—I have said of her that she could never again be received into this Home. But since then she has slept on a bed beside my own. For God spoke definitely to me as she said : "I can't blame you, Mrs. York ; don't keep me if you don't want to. I'll tell you no lies ; the disease is awful. I ain't blamin' you. The street is wide, and I've walked all night before. It will soon come morning, and I'll get into the hospital. But I'm half dead." She was half dead, poor child, and my rules and regulations took another vacation. From a human point of view there was a risk. But one day I found in my Bible these words : If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God . . . and keep all his statutes, I will put none of the diseases upon thee which I have put upon the Egyptians ; for I am the Lord that healeth thee. The morning after I had sheltered this girl from the street, God showed me the object lesson that He would teach from her misery to others in the Home. And then the girl herself ! She is "a hopeless case." But is any case out of hell hopeless ? Some months ago this same girl said to me, one Sunday afternoon, with her face bathed in tears : "Six years ago I



was as pure as a babe." From that moment I have never been discouraged regarding this scarlet one.

Until God gives me a larger house, I have room for only six or seven girls besides babes. During the year there have been received into the Home thirty-nine women and girls, one child of eleven years, and seven infants. Two or three of these have come in for a night's shelter only, and have gone back into sin. But I think the Lord is showing me that this is not the use to which He would put this house. Others have remained for a few days and have then been taken to hospitals or other institutions, or have gone out to service. Seventeen have come to remain, some for weeks, some for months. These have returned to their parents, have taken situations, or are still in the Home. One or two have disappointed me ; but as far as I know, not one has gone back into sin.

As I write, I have before me on the table letters from four of my girls. One remained in the Home for two months and nine days. She is now with her mother. Another remained for three months and one week. She had every evil propensity to fight against, and had been cast off by her parents. She is now at service in a good family, and writes : "I am trying to do my very best out here. Please pray that God may give me victory ; for I realize more than ever that if I rely on my own strength I shall fail." Another writes from where she is teaching : "It is wonderful how good the Lord has been and is to me. I know babe is far better where she is than she could be with me under the circumstances. But I think about her so much at night. Still it was the Lord's doings, and I will not and do not mean to complain." This dear one remained in the Home for five months lacking three days. (As I prepare this volume for publication, fifteen years after receiving her letter, I am constrained to write that this dear mother

prayed for five years that God would give her back her child. Her faith was large, and she would not let Him go. In the meantime she married and had a home of love and culture. Five years from the time of the adoption of the babe the foster mother died, and the little girl was given back to her mother. Before this copy goes to the publishers, I expect to visit that mother in her home, and to hold tight in my arms and close to my heart the child who was the first babe to be born in Redemption Home, and who is now a beautiful, talented girl fifteen years of age.) Another dear one who remained for six months and three weeks, a girl of refinement, who never knew a mother's love, writes : "Last night was the first time in my life that I never closed my eyes for one moment ; but those large blue eyes were staring me in the face all night long. But I fully recognize God's hand in the whole of my sad experience. No reproach or slur will now ever be cast at him [her babe]. Through the blessed Redeemer my numberless sins are washed away, and our little darling is in a loving mother's arms ; and my daily prayer, and I'm sure yours, will be that his foster parents will train him in the way he should go, ready to enter into the Saviour's arms at a moment's warning. . . . And now, my more than mother, let my case be impressed on the minds of the dear girls now there and of all others that God may see fit to place in Redemption Home. . . . I really think my Saviour has perfected the work He began some months ago. I know you can truthfully tell the girls I'm a new creature in Christ Jesus, and some day will give myself entirely to his service."

A few maternity cases have come from the best families in Ontario—girls of refinement and education, some of them active in Christian work. If some Christian women could see into these broken hearts as I have seen into them,

they would be more tender towards the girls. I have had some bad girls in the Home ; and even these are to be helped and pitied. But I have had others in the Home whose sin has been that they trusted the man that they loved. And often when I have looked into their pale faces as they lay in their beds, I have had to turn away and ask God to lift from my heart the burden of their sorrow. And then when their dark hour is past, I am conscious that there is before them a still darker hour when mother and child must part or the child grow up to meet the scorn of a heartless world. But if my heart aches for girls who are in the Home, it aches more for girls who are not in it. Last summer I visited a house of ill-repute and talked with a group of girls whose posture and apparel suggested a group of Oriental princesses. I pleaded with them to give up their life of sin. One girl was moved to tears, one looked serious ; the others were indifferent. Not long afterwards I was sent for to visit this house again : the keeper, it was said, was anxious about her soul. I went, and learned that one of the girls, becoming discouraged, had committed suicide since my visit.

Some of the girls who have been more sinned against than sinning were saved before coming to the Home. These have come again into the joy of His salvation. The dear one who suffered more perhaps than any other in the Home said to me not long ago : "I would go through it all to learn what I have learned of Jesus." Another who contemplated suicide before coming has been brought into a life of spiritual experience that many a Christian might covet. The path lay by the way of the fiery furnace ; but in the midst of the fire there was one like unto the Son of God.

Ten have professed to receive Christ during the year.



I am not quite at rest regarding three of these, but the others seem to be bright, happy Christians. One dear one called me to her bedside at three o'clock in the morning. She had been under conviction for some days, and could not go to sleep until she knew that she was saved. It was one of the sweetest moments of my life when in the stillness of the early morning hour that soul was born again.

Another professed conversion was that of a dear one whom I had found curled up on an old mattress on the third-story landing of an Adelaide Street house. She was too drunk to be brought to the Home, and I was given a City order for her to the General Hospital for a week's stay. She had also been living an immoral life. One morning Miss Smith had the joy of leading her almost into the kingdom ; and that night at our evening prayer service, after a hard struggle with the Evil One, she acknowledged Christ as her Saviour. She has a hard battle to fight, and I am not sure that she is born again. But I am leaving her in God's hands.

Only ten professed conversions in the year ? But if there had been only one it would have been worth the year of my life given to the work. And in my heart hope sings of a day when Jesus will come to make up his jewels, and when, perhaps, I shall hear from my Lord Himself that the seed sown has brought forth an hundred fold.

It is nineteen months since I began to look to the Lord to supply all my need, and He has never failed me. For seven months He paid my board in answer to prayer ; and now for a year He has paid the rent and sent fuel and food—and clothing when necessary—for the household. I have not asked for a collection from any church nor solicited a dollar from any individual.

Last winter a dear child of God said to me : "I want you to let me know when you need coal." Late in the

winter we were without coal for several days. When I told this friend of the need, the coal came at once, and the Home was warm and cheery again. But there was a little chilliness about my heart, and I knew then more positively than ever that God would have me tell Him, and Him only, of our needs. The next time that we were without coal the testing lasted a little longer, but I was yet in my upper room, where I had been in prayer to God, when a lady brought to the house fifteen dollars.

My faith has been tested many times ; but God tells us that even gold has to be tried by fire, and that our faith, being much more precious than gold, must be proved. And each testing has brought us all to a heart examination that could follow no other experience.

Often God has spoken definitely to me during a testing time regarding the practical part of the work. When I have failed to hear his voice above our songs of praise and thanksgiving, He has brought me to wait upon Him at his feet, sometimes with fasting, and thus He has shown me the way He would have me take, and has supplied the need for which I have prayed.

Except on one occasion, we have never been hungry. It was some months ago, and there was only one girl in the Home that week. One by one the articles of food gave out until there was not a mouthful of anything to eat but a few pickles and a little preserved fruit ; and there was no fuel, and no light, and not a cent in the treasury. We were hungry, but not cast down ; for Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever ; and the Holy Spirit soon showed us our mistake. Miss Galsworthy and I—without meaning to do so—were keeping back from the Lord something for which He was asking us. We then brought the whole tithe into the storehouse, and God, in

fulfilment of his promise, opened the windows of heaven and showered his blessings upon us.

We do not ask God for dainties ; we do not ask Him for luxuries, although sometimes He sends these. We ask Him to supply our need, as He has promised to do, and He knows better than we do what we require. We take thankfully whatever He sends ; and even when we buy food, it is that which is wholesome rather than that which our appetites covet. We do not "find it hard to get along," as some of our friends remark. There is nothing "hard" about it. Our food is plain, but "everything tastes good," as we have often said ; for the Lord sends or withholds as He thinks best. And so, even in testing times, we have all things and abound ; for we have Jesus.

Last week I called one of the girls to wash the oil-cloth in the dining-room. She replied: "I can't do it, Mrs. York. There isn't a bit of soap." I said to her that we would wait then until the Lord sent it. That very hour a basket of groceries containing two bars of laundry soap was left at the door.

Some months ago I passed on the street a prostitute. I went home feeling condemned because I had not spoken to her. Her eyes had met mine, and yet I had not said, God loves you. I felt that I could not rest until I had found her. The next day we prayed earnestly that God would lead me to her. I could not take any dinner, but stayed with God until four o'clock in the afternoon, when He said to me, "Go to the Avenue." It is in the opposite direction from the spot at which I had previously seen the girl ; but I went, and there she sat. I gave her the message in God's own words ; and his Word shall not return void.

One Monday morning we wished to do a large washing, but had no soap. We asked God to send some that we might wash on Tuesday. In about two hours a lady from



Parkdale called, bringing us some fruit, and saying, as she handed to me her contribution : "I thought perhaps a little soap would be of use to you."

Several times I have swept up the last bit of coal in the shed ; but before the fire has been out the Lord has sent coal, or wood, or money to buy. One night we knew that there was no fuel for the morning fire. At our evening prayer I asked the Lord to send us some money that night through a prayer meeting to which I expected to go. At the close of the meeting a gentleman handed me two dollars, and by seven o'clock in the morning the coal was at the door.

Another time there was fuel enough to last only until four o'clock in the afternoon, and I said to the girls at dinner that we must ask the Lord for coal. Before we rose from the table the doorbell rang, and a gentleman left five dollars.

One afternoon Miss Galsworthy and I visited one of the worst dives in the city, and planned to go again at nine o'clock to bring away a girl and her mother living in the vilest sin. There was nothing in the Home treasury, but, as we were returning from our first visit, the Lord sent us one dollar. Our cab fare for bringing the women away that night was just one dollar. Knowing it to be unsafe for women to go on that street unattended, we asked God to have an officer near by if He so willed it, but not to have him there if He would have us look to Him only for protection. When we reached the place, two officers were watching the house, and a third came while we went to order our cab. The women were anxious to come away, but the Devil was there in human form to hold the younger one back, and Miss Galsworthy, the three officers, and I were busy enough until the cab drove away with its four occupants.

Shortly after I had taken the house the thought came : Why not ask God for a bureau ? It arrived months later. We prayed also for three months for our stove before the Lord sent it in December. Although we had a range, the front part of the house was rather cool. But no one took cold, and every one "kept sweet," and when the stove did come there was not a dearer spot anywhere than our "home, sweet home."

I could fill a large book with the record of answers to prayer sent during the short period of nineteen months. The promise is : My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus. He has done it.

I must bring to a close this brief, unworthy record of God's goodness ; but oh ! for a thousand tongues to sing my great Redeemer's praise. To God be the glory, great things He hath done. Redemption Home is his ; the furniture is his ; the fuel and food are his ; the strength and wisdom necessary for the work are his ; the love in, and for, the work is his ; the faith is his. It is all his ; and it is the daily prayer of those in the service that we may be faithful stewards.

On Tuesday morning, May eighth, while waiting upon God to know his mind, He showed me that it is his will for me to take a larger house. I do not know just when He would have me take it. I prayed for seven months for this Home before God gave me the house on Walton Street. In Daniel's vision we hear of these words from the voice : "Fear not, Daniel ; for from the first day that thou didst set thine heart to understand, and to humble thyself before thy God thy words were heard ; and I am come for thy words' sake. But the prince of the kingdom of Persia withstood me one and twenty days." I know that my prayer was heard and answered on the morning of May eighth ; but I must wait God's time for the visible sign of

the answer. God spoke definitely through his Word. Miss Armstrong joined me later, and together we claimed of the Lord, in fulfilment of his promise, a house large enough for all our work that no one need be turned away. In his own time God will show me the Home that He has in mind.

I am going to claim from God the best that He has for the fallen girl ; for it is little but misery that the world has for her. But He spreads for her the feast of love, and with open arms bids her come ; and when she does, she is made whole, a new creature in Christ Jesus. It may be hard for her down here for a while ; but those who shall know the keenest joy when Jesus comes are those who love Him most ; and those who love Him most are those who have been forgiven most.

Who are these that I see casting their crowns at the Saviour's feet and singing in chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain?" There is Rahab, the harlot ; for the Lamb was slain from the foundation of the world. There is the woman of Samaria. There is the adultress whom men would have stoned, but to whom Jesus said, "Go in peace." There is the penitent who bathed his feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair. See ! They have clean robes, white robes, washed in the blood of the Lamb ; and they cease not singing, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever."





## THE STORY OF ANOTHER YEAR.

SECOND ANNUAL MESSAGE. MAY TWENTIETH, 1902

**T**HERE is God's sunshine without and the sunshine of God's love within as I begin to write the second report of the Lord's dealings with us in our little Home on Walton Street. This year, as contrasted with last, has been one of greater responsibility and of greater blessing. There has been twice the number of girls in the Home,—twice as much sorrow to see, twice as much suffering to witness; twice as many to be fed and cared for; twice as many to be prayed with and prayed for; twice as many babies to be loved and watched over; twice as many problems to take to Him in whom are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

But as expenses have increased, our Heavenly Father has met them as easily as when I was the only one in the house. And as duties have multiplied, He has spoken his word: "As thy days so shall thy strength be." As perplexities and trials have come—and they have come—He has breathed, "Peace, be still," in the all-embracing promise, My grace is sufficient for thee. And so I begin the third year of service with a gratitude that cannot be expressed, and with a thanksgiving of which only God can know.

When the Lord led me into this new path, He did not reveal the future to me. It is different from what I expected it would be. My plans for meeting the expenses of the work were all to be set aside, and I was to find in Him only the portion of my inheritance. I expected that the work would be principally amongst those abandoned

to sin, and at first I made every effort to help them. Some I almost dragged into the Home. But there was little fruit from that field, and I have asked God to fill our beds with those whom He wills to have with us. During the last year He has sent only unfortunate girls, most of them motherless, who hitherto have lived virtuous lives, and who desire to be helped into a life that is good and true.

One question is often asked : "How long do you keep the girls ?" The answer is : Until God takes them away. They come to me in trouble and remain to nurse their babies until God makes plain the next step. I am constantly receiving applications from those who wish to come into the Home and put their infants away from them at once. Such cases are always refused. There are maternity homes in the city ; ours is not one. Most of those who thus apply are "able to pay." But what would such return be to Him who owns the silver and the gold and the cattle upon a thousand hills ? To obey is better than sacrifice ; and to hearken than the fat of rams.

During the year there have been in the Home twenty-five girls and nineteen babies, besides eight transients. Eleven of the babies have been born in the house. The largest number of the little ones with us at one time has been six ; the largest number of girls has been eleven, making twelve at our table during the winter months.

I always shrink from numbering converts, and yet I feel constrained to say that seven of those who have professed conversion during the year have given evidence of the new birth.

Eleven girls have gone from us this year to situations. Two have gone to institutional homes ; three have returned to their own homes ; one has been married, and one has gone where sin and sorrow cannot reach her.



There are three words from the Book by which, largely, we live. The first is, The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin ; the second is, My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus ; and the third is, As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you. In the last is found the underlying principle of our life and work. We take the sin and the sorrow to the Saviour, and then we make our babies as welcome, love them as tenderly, and dress them as prettily, as if the unfortunate mother were wearing a band of gold on her finger. If the blood cleanses from all sin, why should the burden of one sin be carried through life ? Why rob a soul of victory, a life of blessedness, and the Lord Jesus of glory by branding a young life that otherwise might be fragrant with offices of womanly love and compassion ?

And this brings me to that which would be a most difficult problem were it not that He doeth all things well. And so the future of our babies we leave to Him. Only three have been adopted during the two years. Two were old enough to be weaned. With the third the mother went as nurse. But I cannot now pray for homes for the babies as I did at first. I am not sure that God intends a Christian mother who is capable of giving her baby good care to part with it because of the opinion of the world. If the woman of Samaria, or the woman brought into the Temple, or the sinner who bathed our Lord's feet with tears and wiped them with her hair had been a mother, would our Saviour have said to her, "Your sins are forgiven, go in peace, sin no more;" and then have added, "But you had better give away that baby ; for the world is unkind ?" What cared she for the world ? Jesus had touched her, and she was clean. And we have Jesus ; and the world is going farther and farther from us ; and except where the Lord throws

light upon the adoption of a child, our girls are going to keep their babies and trust God for guidance.

On August twenty-sixth, 1901, we lost our first baby. He was tenderly loved, and was old enough to love those who loved him. He suffered for many weeks, and knew the touch of those who ministered to him. The blank has never been filled in the life of the heart-broken mother, although every baby in the Home comes in for its share of her motherly love and motherly care. We dressed the faded flower in snowy white garments, laid it in a snowy white casket, placed flowers of earth around the flower of heaven, sang a few hymns of life and glory, and gave Percy back to God.

Two little ones of premature birth have left us during the year. One young mother still grieves for her babe, and her thoughts turn to the Home as a sacred place. The child was only a few weeks old, but what is time to a mother? She writes: "Mother dear, I had to have a little cry when I read your letter where you said you were watching a little one die. It made me think of those long anxious hours that I longed to call my own little darling back. And I think of the time he looked up at you. I often thought he would like to stay with us; but God knows best, and I hope to meet him some day."

Another greatly afflicted babe that we thought could not stay with us for more than a day or two lingered in its suffering for more than two weeks, and then left us. These were heavy hours physically as we watched the little life go out, and there was a heart-ache for more than the young mother. But the Lord was with us, and when there were no more offices of love to be performed we gathered together to sing—

Roses fade around me,  
Lilies bloom and die ;  
Earthly sunbeams vanish,  
Radiant still the sky.  
Jesus, Rose of Sharon,  
Blooming for His own,  
Jesus, heaven's sunshine,  
Never will leave us alone.

It is difficult for any one not in touch with the work to realize the anxious thought involved in the care of these babies. As a rule, they start life unfairly. All is against them. The mental suffering of the older girls, the extreme youth of the child-parents, the inexpressible bewilderment of the betrayed and the forsaken leave their mark upon the tender flower which God plants in this humble garden of his love. And so it has happened that neither medical skill nor unwearying devotion could hold the little lives which we have prayed that God might spare to be used some day to his honor and glory.

I scarcely know what to say about the girls. I see so much that is good in them that if I spoke my heart it would be termed sentiment. Some say that they should be punished instead of loved. Others inquire, "Are you not encouraging the sin?" A young girl with a warm, loving nature and a guilelessness that cannot see danger, with "Yes, I believe you" written on every line of her face, falls into a trap. Invariably there are good words. Sometimes there is a Bible, and every allurements that craft can devise. Sometimes there is nobility, sometimes there is honor, sometimes there is affection. But too often the trail of the serpent is over it all, and with every element of sanctity lacking, the words fall : "Can priest or clergyman add anything to love like ours?" And thus the trap is set, and another life is blighted. The culprit escapes ;



the victim takes up her life's burden in sack-cloth and ashes ; and if a hand is outstretched to save, there is danger of encouraging the sin ! When I look over the names I have registered during the past year, I am amazed. Some of the girls have been active in Christian work. Many have been respected and loved as efficient helpers in Christian homes. Some have been weak. A few have been wayward. All have been wronged. All have suffered. And so, in reviewing the past year, my thought rushes to the thousand pitfalls awaiting unwary feet ; and I cry, Mothers, tell your daughters ! In Christ's name I beseech you to tell them.

The girls are kind. The pain or grief of one will rob other faces of their color and bring the tears to other eyes ; and I could not have greater kindness shown to me by my own family. They are refined. Everything about the Home that is available is used to beautify our rooms. The girls talk enthusiastically of "our garden." We have a piece of land not much larger than the average dining table ; but by close mathematical calculations they are growing a variety of flowers and vegetables.

I need not emphasize that they love their babies, even to giving up everything for them and meeting a life of reproach, if necessary, for the love that they have for their children.

I could make a book of extracts from letters from girls who have left the Home ; but I quote only a few sentences.

One who had been wayward writes : "I am perfectly willing to do anything that you think is the Lord's plan for me ; for oh ! I do want to do what is right. I would not go back to my old life of sin for all the world. You were the means of loving me to put my trust in God. . . . My heart never ceases to praise God for what He in his great mercy has done and is continually doing for me."

Another writes : "You have some idea of what the past year has meant to me, the bitter grief that can never be forgotten. But tonight I thank God from the bottom of my heart that He did permit it. It has led me into paths I have been seeking for years. Dear Mother, be of good courage. You know not what the Home and your life may be to the girls."

Another : "More than once I wish I were in your happy little Home. Mother dear, I know you will not forget me in your prayers and thoughts . . . I do not forget Mother and the girls and the rest."

This motherless girl came into a bright Christian experience while in the Home, and believes that her father was saved from drunkenness in answer to our prayers for him.

Another writes from her home : "I would like to walk in and be with you, but can only do so in spirit ; for Jesus is with me here just the same as there."

Another : "My dear Mother York : You likely are wondering if I am still trusting and leaning on the One you so faithfully tried to teach me of, and through your numberless prayers along with my little weak ones I believe I am there to stay. The Lord has been and is too good to me to ever do otherwise, and my daily prayer is that I may be kept from even the appearance of evil."

Another writing at Christmas says : "And last but not least I have such a friend in Jesus. What a comfort that is to me ! I never was so happy and contented in my life."

Another dear one writes : "I think there is no one can know our Heavenly Father's love for us as a mother when we know that as a mother loves her child so He loves us ; for indeed that love is great. Dear Mother, I wish I could talk to you tonight to tell you how near and dear my

Heavenly Father is to me. He is nearer than He ever was before. . . . One day I was feeling very down-hearted and worried, and I looked over some of those texts I got at your place ; and this is how they read : The joy of the Lord is your strength. Yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands, I have loved thee with an everlasting love. When I read those, they gave me fresh encouragement. I am trusting Him every day."

There is an absent one from whom I receive no letters ; but she will not be forgotten. We prayed earnestly for her life, and yet those who loved her best feel that it was in mercy that God took her. Everything that medical science could suggest was done for her, and she was attended day and night by efficient and compassionate nurses. Her family were also with her and lost no opportunity of showing their devotion. Before her bitter experience she had been identified with church work, and had lived an exemplary Christian life. Her life with us in the Home was no exception ; it was without fault or failure. She left a bright testimony of her trust in her Saviour. I shall never forget the smile with which she greeted us almost to the last, nor how her parched lips moved with our singing of

Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly.

Even in her wildest delirium she fell into repose at the mention of his name, and remained quiet during the singing of

There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,  
No ! not one.

And I know that today Aggie is with Christ.



During the past year God has been showing more clearly his purpose in the establishment of the Home ; and has sent so many of those who had taken only the initiatory step into a life of sin that the Home, of necessity, has ceased to be a temporary shelter for those who love vice, and will not be persuaded to break away from its thralldom for a period longer than some present need requires.

April fourteenth was to have been laundry day, but it turned out to be something a great deal better. It was Susie's wedding-day. When we received a telegram that the father of Susie's baby would come at noon, and requested her to be prepared to leave by the evening train, our Home duties were performed with all possible despatch. The bride looked lovely in her white wedding dress, the emblem of purity. Why not ?

Jesus, thy robe of righteousness  
My beauty is, my glorious dress.  
'Midst flaming worlds in this arrayed  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

We all felt that the one who so compassionately shares our sorrows should also share our joys ; and so Dr. Hooper was asked to officiate at the marriage. He also honored us with his presence at the wedding breakfast. And there was the unseen Guest who graced the marriage at Cana of Galilee. He was with us making our Home bright and our hearts light ; and when dear Susie left us, we all felt that He would go before her and would never leave nor forsake her.

I am often asked how we spend the time. We rise at six, half-past six, or seven, according to the health and strength of each. We have worship at half-past seven in summer ; at eight in winter. We sing one or two hymns ;

all read from the New Testament, and I lead in prayer. We then have breakfast. After breakfast the girls scatter, each to her work. Our floors, which are painted, are washed every day except Sundays. Then there are the ordinary home duties, babies to nurse, babies to bathe and dress, babies to wash for and to iron for. At ten o'clock we kneel together to give thanks and to ask our Father for the supply of any special need. We sing a stanza or two, and commit to memory a text of Scripture. Then our work goes on, washing and ironing—more or less of which is done every day—cleaning, caring for babies, mending, repairing, and general house-keeping. Our cooking is a pleasant problem. Perhaps half an hour before dinner the larder will be empty, and some one must be ready to prepare with efficiency and with haste whatever the Lord may send. Our noonday service is held before dinner. We sing a hymn, each one reads a portion of Scripture, her own choosing, and we have silent prayer. After dinner the newest mothers are sent to lie down with their babies, and others of us—unless in need of rest—like Tennyson's "Brook," "go on forever." There is always ironing, if not washing, to be done in the afternoon, and the babies must be taken out in carriages. At four o'clock we meet again for special thanksgiving and petition. After four o'clock prayer the mothers who do not go out early in the afternoon take their babies out; and if there are no household duties to attend to, the others sew until the tea hour. We are our own dressmakers and milliners, and I encourage any industry that is or maybe helpful to the girls. Each girl makes her baby's garments after she comes to the Home, and there is usually a quilt or two on hand in case we are in need of employment. We have evening worship before tea. We sing a hymn, all read from the Old Testament, and two or three of the girls

lead in prayer. Our morning and evening study of the Word is systematic, and at morning and night we repeat the prayer our Lord taught his disciples.

These hours of prayer are as sweet to the girls as they are to me. Occasionally some one will say, "Dear me, we have so much to do that we cannot stop so often for prayer." But I am soon reminded of the hour if I forget it. All are eager for the prayer and the praise and for the statutes that are our songs in the house of our pilgrimage. One of the girls has suggested that we have an examination at the end of each month to see how many texts have been remembered. And her suggestion has been adopted.

In addition to the daily routine of our Home life, eleven babies have been born in the Home during the year. Some of my friends object to this part of the work as an unnecessary cause of anxiety and care. But I feel it to be an essential part of the work if I would be to these girls all that a mother would be. Where should a girl meet the dark hour of her life but in the Home that every day becomes dearer to her, and every day more sacred, as each day brings added tokens of God's forgiveness and love! And these are hours in which God speaks to us his most comforting words, as the stars of heaven are brightest on a dark night.

This year, at last, the District Nurses of Harbord Street have come to us with their loving and efficient ministry. Dear Miss Green, the superintendent, gave some of the girls her personal care, and was with us through several trying experiences. Early in March she was obliged to take a long-needed and much-needed rest. At first it seemed that we could not manage without her. But God gave strength with the promise, I will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee.

During the winter I saw God's kindness in giving me a

helper in one of the girls who came to me more than a year ago. When little Percy left us, Bessie turned at once to our other babies, and since then she has been a sort of second mother in the Home. She is not a Samson. She is not a Solomon. But she is a valuable helper. She is head cook, head seamstress, and assistant nurse. She mothers the new babies until their mothers are strong enough to mother them. She acts as a sort of curate when I am absent from prayers, carves the Christmas turkey, and feels herself elected to look after us all in general. And there is something in the way that Bessie and the other girls say "Mother" that almost makes me forget to miss the old home ties knit with the best love of years. And I would not be true to those intrusted to my care if I did not record their earnestness to please and to make home happy for me ; and so they strengthen my hands.

Through another year God has supplied all our need according to his riches in Christ Jesus. He has paid our rent, fed us, clothed us, and provided us with fuel and light and other necessities that belong to a life like ours. There is no subscription list, no collection, no solicitation for funds. We ask our Heavenly Father, and Him only, for what we need ; and He sends it.

But the blessings have not been confined to material gifts. I have prayed, Thy way, O God ! Only keep me well and strong for this service,—and He has done it. He has cared also for the bodies of the girls. Notwithstanding an over-crowded house during the winter months, He has kept us almost free from sickness.

And surely He hath borne our griefs. The old heart-ache that was so large a part of a worldly life and an unsatisfied soul is of the past. The girls, too, have found the joy that the world cannot give and cannot take away.



He hath healed the broken in heart and hath bound up their wounds.

But not only has He fed us and clothed us, and taken away our sorrows, but He who bore our sins in his own body on the tree has, through another year, spoken the peace of sins forgiven to more than one sin-sick soul and to those of us who are already his own. He has been faithful and just to forgive our many mistakes and sins of daily life, and has kept us dwelling in the secret place of the Most High and abiding under the shadow of the Almighty. The incomparable joy of forgiveness of sin and of favor with God has been ours. For uncleanness He has given purity. For confusion He has given peace. For gloom He has given glory.

I cannot close this report without referring to a few answers to prayer.

The girls have been prayed into the Home, and have been prayed out of it. I invite no one to come, but when a bed is empty, I ask God to fill it. We pray also for situations, and await God's time.

The girls have had, and still do have, answers to their prayers for special needs,—prayers in which I have no part, thus proving that one does not require to attain a certain age or a certain experience to trust God. I am often amazed and overjoyed at the steady increase of their faith.

Last summer I had a little girl who told me that she was praying for certain articles of clothing or for money to purchase them. I told her that she would not get the money for no one knew her ; and I felt that perhaps she was not willing to wear any but "store" clothing. But she said that either the clothes or the money—which-ever the Lord sent—would be all right. The next morning

she received, from a cook who knew of her trouble, a letter containing five dollars.

In October we had a flying visit from my brother and his wife. These dear ones kept themselves supplied with loaves and fishes, and as the letter announcing their coming was received in a testing time, we took the matter to the Lord. The larder was almost empty, but a day or two before my loved ones came vegetables were sent—not in baskets, but in boxes—and a pail of butter from friends of twenty years ago. There were five dollars yet needed for the month's rent. So we asked forgiveness for our known and unknown sins, and besought our Father to send the five dollars before the friends came. They came in the afternoon. The five dollars came the same morning.

On August thirtieth we had no evening meal. We gathered around the table and ate the few mouthfuls that we had with thanksgiving ; and I assured the girls that God would not allow us to go to bed hungry ; so we sang praises and waited. One of the girls grew tired of waiting and retired at nine o'clock, with a two-weeks-old baby in her arms. At ten o'clock, as one of God's children could not rest for thinking of us, she came with her arms full of provisions, and with two dollars and thirty cents in cash. We had a joyful praise service, and then our supper.

We were without light on November twelfth, and while we sang hymns in the dark, Minnie got tea by the glow of the coal stove. While we were rejoicing that the light of the world is Jesus, God spoke to a friend on Mutual Street, saying, "Go to Mrs. York." She came, and our thanks were given ; the oil was bought, and the lamps were lighted before the baby had time to cry.

Later in November we had a two days' testing in food. At the close of the first day there was not a mouthful for breakfast, and the evening meal had been a scanty one.

That night I spoke in a church in a distant part of the city. Reaching home, I slipped in quietly, wondering what God was going to do, and Bessie said, "The Lord sent two loaves of bread, take some." I did ; and there was water, —a fulfilment of the promise of Isaiah 33 : 16. Tuesday was as Monday had been. But towards evening one of the girls brought me a dollar with which evidently she had not been willing to part. Of course God's gifts followed immediately, and in two days He had sent us fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents.

During the winter now passing God did not test us regarding the supply of coal. Last year, He tried my faith twice. Once when a February storm was raging we were without coal for some days. I kept the mothers and babies in the little kitchen, while one of the mothers fed the kitchen fire with Mr. Firstbrook's pine boxes. After we had praised God for what we knew He would do, He sent the coal. No one had taken cold, and all had been happy. This winter I asked our Lord to please allow us to have a fire in the range all night. Last year the house was cold in the mornings. He has done this for us, and, moreover, has not allowed the fire to go out in the feeder. I think He has been pleased that we have asked more of Him this year.

I remember lifting my heart to God one day on the street and asking Him to send to the Home a certain girl if He wished me to give her a message that I was in doubt about sending to her. She came, I think, that same afternoon, and is in the Home to-day.

One day I felt that I must reprove one of the girls, but shrank from it because of her condition. So I asked our Lord to speak to her for me. He did so, and she came to me and volunteered to do what I felt she ought to do.

Christmas brought many answers to prayer, a number

of the gifts sent being the very articles that we had prayed for. I had twelve girls with me and three babies. It was a happy time for us all.

Only those who have lived a life of faith know the value and the preciousness of the testing time. It is often looked upon as an evidence of God's displeasure, as indeed it may be. And yet, even when the immediate purpose is to show where there is failure or perhaps sin, the test is an indication of God's love and favor. It is precious to see his face when the sun is shining ; but during the last year I have beheld an effulgence almost overwhelming. It has been the radiance of his face when the sun has not been shining.

The cross is not greater than his grace,  
The storm cannot hide his blessed face.

There is one of the cactus family that cannot thrive in the sunshine. Its luxuriant growth and gorgeous coloring are in proportion to the storms that beat upon it. Amidst the showers of blessing that come to us it is well for us sometimes to be reminded of our dependence upon God ; and a stirring of the sea makes us look up to Him. Why do our hearts leap with undefinable motion at the thought of the ship that breasts the waves, or the bird that flies into the storm ? It is because the soul is hearing its own music. It is God's way with us. And so I bless Him for the test no less than for the deliverance that has always followed, and that always will follow as long as God lives.

How unworthy is the offering of praise that we bring even in our moments of keenest rapture ! I sometimes feel like asking God to loosen my tongue, and yet I know that the time will surely come when, unfettered, I shall praise as I would the Saviour of my soul, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Our great atoning



sacrifice has indeed been a pavilion for a shadow from the heat, and for a refuge from the rain. He has kept us secretly in his pavilion from the strife of tongues, saying, "Let not your heart be troubled." The night has shone even as the day ; for He has not slumbered. He has fed us also with the finest of the wheat, and with honey out of the rock has He satisfied us. Who is a God like unto Him ? Hast thou not known ? Hast thou not heard ?



## WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT.

THIRD ANNUAL MESSAGE. APRIL, TWENTY-SEVENTH, 1903

**A**NOTHER year of blessing has rolled by, and in God's providence I am privileged to bear testimony to his care of those who put their trust in Him. May this humble effort result in glorifying Him of whom it is said, "If we are faithless, He abideth faithful."

God's child who looks to Him from day to day for the supply of actual needs has but one thing to rest upon : Thus saith the Lord. He cannot rest upon his faith ; for faith is the gift of God, and were it not for the Thus saith the Lord, God would have a right to take away the faith which he has given. He cannot rest upon God speaking to his people ; for God's people may be out of communion with Him, and they would not respond to God's call. He cannot rest upon past experiences ; for he is but clay in the hands of the potter, to make or break as seemeth good to Him. He cannot rest upon principles of a faith life ; for the head may be right and the heart wrong. He can rest upon nothing but Thus saith the Lord. God has spoken, God has spoken to him ; and it is enough.

And so through another year I have found God faithful. There has been little testing in the supply of our needs. There have been perplexing questions to meet. There has been more and more waiting upon God to know his mind concerning many things. But the testing in the supply of food and coal that we had the first year, and even the second year, we have not had this year. Many times we have been without a cent in the treasury, and sometimes, too, without food in the larder. But we have not had to

wait for one meal. Neither have we been cold. I believe there was a coal famine ; but it did not come near us. I do not see the daily papers, and knew nothing of the situation until our coal bin was empty, and the strike was at its summit. But even if I did not see the papers, God saw the coal mines, and He saw our coal bin ; and there was not a day all winter that we were without coal for our feeder and range.

He has also clothed us. Why not ? If God so clothe the grass of the field which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith ?

And He has fed us. Why not ? The young lions do lack and suffer hunger ; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

The Lord has paid our rent. When I took the house three years ago, our good landlord used to say, "Well, if you have faith enough, go on. I wouldn't have." Then after a time if the rent in part were held back for a few days, he would say, "It will come all right, it will come." And last month we had only part of the amount when it was due, and when Bessie paid him, our landlord gave her a receipt for the full amount, saying that he would call around sometime for the remainder.

And I would bear testimony to God's care of our bodies. In infinite love He has kept upon us the hand of Jehovah-Rophi, watching over every one in the household. Grippe came my way in March, but I learned through it many precious lessons, and had the first ten days of rest that I had had for over two years.

As I am writing this, my thought goes back to an experience attendant upon the publication of last year's report. The manuscript was ready for the printer, but there was no money. There should not have been a



moment of wavering. God says, "Owe no man anything;" and while I could not buy a loaf of bread without the money to pay for it, the money for the printing of the report was not due until the work was done. Ought I to ask God for that money, and lock it up for fear that it would not come when needed? Surely that would not be trusting. The manuscript was about to go to the printer when a word was dropped by a child of God that stayed my hand. Debt would be dishonoring to God, and lack of trust would be dishonoring. Again I faltered. And then, as I had sometimes done before, I asked God to give me a sign and not allow me to make a mistake. It was prayer-meeting night, and the girls and I besought the Lord to send something through the prayer-meeting, if only twenty-five cents, if He wished the report to be published; but not to send anything if He did not wish it to be published. As I opened the outer door of the church, I met face to face a friend who, without delay, handed me ten dollars. The report was published at once, and I believe has been used of God.

On May twentieth, I had a call from a reporter of one of our city papers. He asked me how the Home was supported. I explained as briefly as I could how we lived. Well, that was all right. He presumed that I earned all I got. I admitted that I spent but few idle moments, and I realized that the young man was not only pleasant, but logical. Still I felt sad at the thought that he was robbing God of glory due to Him. Then the doorbell rang. The girls seldom disturb me when I am engaged, but I was called downstairs that afternoon. We had been praying for our evening meal. We had a little stewed rhubarb without sugar, a scanty supply of bread without butter, and no money. And now the Lord had sent bread and two or three dozen Chelsea buns, all sugared and dressed

up ; and the sugar for the rhubarb came later. I went back to the young man and explained that the girls had called me down to join in giving thanks for our food which had just come, and for which we had been praying. The reporter went away and wrote his little piece. I did not see it, but I am sure that it was kind ; for though he did not understand God's way with us, the young man had the right ring about him. But someone saw the paragraph. Six days later we were praying for our dinner. Twelve o'clock came, and we had nothing. Just after twelve the bell rang, and one of the girls called, "Mother, a gentleman wishes to see you at the door." I went, and he said, "I saw an article in the paper about your work, and this may be of use to you." And he handed me a bank-note.

On October thirtieth we prayed for our rent, which was due the next day. The Lord withheld it until November seventh. We were much in prayer, asking God to show us our hearts if we were hindering in any way his working for us. The amount had all come but one dollar. Then one of the girls said, "Well, mother, I can do without my boots. I would rather do without them than have us in debt. You take my dollar for the rent." And the rent was paid. Two or three days before the Lord had sent me a new pair of boots. They were not my number, and I put them away until God would show me for whom they were meant. As soon as the rent was paid, I saw at once for whom the boots were intended. They fitted her perfectly, and were much better than anything she could have bought with her dollar.

God has heard and answered prayer in opening the doors of Christian homes for the girls and their babies. Sometimes we have thought the waiting long, especially when we have been crowded. But God knows whom to send to us, when to take each one away, and where to

place her. So we pray for open doors and wait until God opens them. Last spring a girl came to me from one of our city hospitals. She received Christ and grew in grace. She was well, and could easily go to domestic service with her baby. We needed all the room we could make ; so I thought, I will just write to dear Miss Sanderson, of the Haven, and see if she can place this mother somewhere. I reasoned that the babe was not born in the Home anyway, and that it would do no harm to help the Lord along a little in the matter which I had committed to Him. But He put his hand upon mine, and I tore up the communication. In a few days a lady came to us and took the mother and the babe ; and she has them yet.

Before our first year in the Home had closed, I began to pray for more room. We were in need of more air. On Tuesday, May eighth, 1901, I believed that I had an answer to the prayer, and since then I have always been "expecting to move." On August fourteenth, 1902, the Lord sent me the promise of the first one hundred dollars towards the purchase of a permanent home for his work. This brought me face to face with a practical question as to God's mind regarding the stewardship, and I believed that God would choose brethren to hold in trust the funds for the purchase of the Home, and then hold in trust the property. It would not belong to me ; and not only that I might be spared the burden of business transactions, but especially that the business might be done in the most business-like way—for God ought to have the best we can give—the following brethren representing different communions of the Christian Church were chosen : Mr. John Firstbrook, Mr J. G. Greey, Mr. Arthur Burson, Mr. S. H. Chapman, and Mr. William Craig. Dr. Hooper, whose counsel was considered too valuable not to be sought, was asked to be an honorary member. We met for prayer at

the home of Mr. and Mrs. Firstbrook, on the evening of October twenty-third, Mrs. Firstbrook kneeling with us ; and being assured that God would finish what He had begun, we appointed Mr. Burson chairman ; Mr. Greey, vice-chairman ; Mr. Chapman, secretary ; and Mr. William Craig, treasurer. During the winter we had several prayer-meetings and many blessings. The Lord has increased the fund, and this spring the way seemed open for us to make a payment upon what could be a permanent place for the work, and to look to the Lord for the remainder, with what might be called a business man's faith. We had a precious hour of prayer at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Greey, on the evening of March twenty-sixth, and God said, "Wait !" It is my desire—and I know it is the desire of those whom God has raised up to be the business burden-bearers—that the one He will give us may be God's own house, concerning which there will not be the slightest doubt, and in which his glory may rest undimmed by any cloud between our souls and Him. But the Lord had at least a temporary home ready for us in the meantime. We expect to move early in May to 54 Augusta Avenue. Our new home will be bright, airy, and cheery, and in my thought the path leading to it is bathed in sunlight.

I would here emphasize what I have before written,—that our hope is in God, and in God only ; in Him who bids us ask, and who promises to give. God has raised up many friends who pray for us, and who pray in faith ; but we mention the daily needs of our Home to our Heavenly Father only, and He supplies them. All that we have comes by the way of the Throne. For there was a day—oh, bless God there was a day—when the Lord Almighty set me free and turned the current of my being Godward. While the angel with a drawn sword stood in the way that



I had chosen, God showed me Redemption Home, and said, "The Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee. He will not fail thee nor forsake thee." The journey back to Toronto was made in the full assurance that God cannot fail. Then followed seven months of waiting to know how the Lord was going to work ; then came the two weeks in an empty house, with no bank account, alone with God. And the work was begun. It was begun with Thus saith the Lord, and Heaven and earth shall pass away, but

Forever, O Lord,  
Thy Word is settled in heaven,  
Thy faithfulness is unto all generations.

How patiently God opens our spiritual eyes until from seeing men as trees walking we come to see all things clearly. I think it is the Hebrew of Proverbs 4 : 12, which reads, As thou goest step by step, the way will open up before thee. God cannot lead us any way but step by step ; for we can go but slowly. And so, from month to month during the past three years, He has been revealing to me more clearly his purpose in the establishment of the Home.

Our girls are asked to care for their own children, under my direction and with my help, in the Home and out of it. We love and live for our babies. I cannot say as many Christians say, "It will be a blessing if the child die." These little lives are as sacred and as beautiful to me as the lives of any babes. I know that there is opprobrium connected with the birth of these little ones ; but, bless God ! there is no opprobrium connected with the second birth ; and I pray that our babes may live, may grow, may be born again, and may become true and valiant soldiers for the Lord Jesus.

I do not feel that the Lord would have me offer the shelter of the Home for months, and give a mother's love

and sympathy to any girl who, because of a desire for freedom, or to return to her former life, is not willing to be a mother to her child. Motherhood will do what legislation and reformation can never do, and in Redemption Home we take only the girls who will mother their babies.

After the birth of the child, the mother remains with her babe, and when the Lord's time comes for her to go, there is an open door in a Christian home for both ; and we part with the mother and the little one with real sorrow. The girls often say that they come with weeping, and leave with weeping ; but, praise God ! in spite of heart-break and pain, there is sunlight between. The Christ of God came to give the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness ; and so long as we have a risen and a living Saviour, whose blood can wash away the stain of sin, there can come into Redemption Home no sorrow that the Lord Jesus cannot heal. In a world that is cold, and sceptical, and suspicious,—led into sin and then deserted by men whom they have loved and trusted, friendless and alone, or surrounded by friends who cannot stand the test, these girls, many of them from the membership of Christian churches, waken to find themselves plunged into the bitterest sorrow that can come into human life. Where shall they go ? What shall they do ? Is it any wonder that many of them contemplate the sin of a double murder ? Some of them tell their friends, only to meet with unkind words, or at the best be given a concealment that makes the future a lie. Others hide their sorrow and conceal their condition until their health is ruined, and the babe comes into the world to go through life weak and maimed. The anguish of the unfortunate mother is inexpressible. But as soon as she lets go her hold on the world, lets go her hold on friends who will not stand by her, and is willing to accept what-

ever is God's purpose concerning her, her peace begins. There are heavy burdens and bitter sorrows brought into the Home ; but the Burden-Bearer is there, and the Saviour from sin is there. His name was called Jesus ; for He should save his people from their sins. When the cloudy day comes, we look through the clouds to the Light of the World. When the rains come, and homesick hours are upon us, we look through the rain to the bow of promise, and hear, Let not your heart be troubled. Lo ! I am with you alway. When winter closes around our little world, and the snows bank up against our Home, we kneel together and say to our Lord : We thank Thee for this beautiful snow that reminds us of sins washed away.

The Good Shepherd of the sheep has gone out upon the mountains wild and bare. He has gathered these stray ones of his flock, has laid them on his shoulder, has carried them in his bosom and brought them into his fold. And there He feeds them ; He speaks to them in tenderness ; He touches them in compassion, and keeps towards them in forgiveness, in love, in benediction, his blessed face.

People ask of the girls, "Do they stand ?" Yes, they do stand ; for they stand in Christ.

One who has more love than learning, writes : "Mother, it is awful nice of you saying you will be glad to see me going home. I cannot tell you how glad I am to know that some one will be glad to see me. . . . How thankful I should be that God has been so good to me. He has stood by me in all my troubles. I do trust I will be taught more of his dying love. . . . May He lead me closer to Him day by day. Oh, how thankful I am tonight that I am saved."

Another, a young woman who had contemplated suicide, writing on the anniversary of her child's birth, says : "Everything was arranged so nicely for my comfort, and I was so contented and perfectly willing to do anything

my Master wished me to do. . . . I do thank my heavenly Father that He gave me so much peace and happiness, and gave me the faith to trust my future entirely in his hands. I feel so unworthy when I realize all He has done for me and mine. Still I keep striving to serve Him better and to learn more of his will concerning me."

Letters from the girls are sacred to me. I quote from them because of the strange questions asked me : "Can you leave them alone ?" "Can you trust them ?" "Are they good to you ?" "Are they grateful ?"

One who left the Home two years ago writes : "Not a night or morning passes but a prayer from the lips of your wayward child ascends to the Throne for the Home and especially for Mother. You can never know how I love you. I used to wonder what you meant when you would say you must go upstairs and get a message. I know now, dear Mother. When you sent the report the first word meant so much to me,—Redemption Home. It was indeed redemption to me and home as well. My earnest prayer is that the other girls have experienced the new birth as distinctively as I have, and enjoy the peace that God alone can give."

Another little motherless girl writes : "I feel as if I can never repay you for your kindness to me. You were such a friend to me at the time I most needed one. I never forget the first time I met you. I knew I had found a mother."

Still another, one who afterwards married, writes : "Dear Mother, the Lord has indeed been good to me. He has helped me over many a hard place, and, when the way has seemed so dark, He has brought light and comfort." Later she writes : "I am quite comfortable in my home, with my darling baby, and a kind and loving husband."

The girls who are in the city come home each week. Some come oftener. At our Sunday afternoon service we



generally have one, two or three, beside our own number. On Christmas Day, five of the girls came back home. We were a family of twenty, including six babies. There seemed to be no end to Mother's surprises at Christmas. Everyone in the Home, and nearly everyone away, brought or sent some token of love. Where there was no money, love found something. The desk at which I write this paragraph was given to me by one of the girls supporting herself and her baby, in her arms, at domestic service. She paid seven dollars for the gift, and on Christmas Eve brought her twenty-pound baby boy from the north of the city to see what Mother would say. In one of the pigeon-holes I found a note which read : "Dear Mother York, you can now see the love that I have got for you ; and when I am far away from you just take your pen and write in this to me."

Last fall there was a desire in the hearts of our girls to do something for others, and on October nineteenth, 1903, we formed our Elim Mission Circle. The girls chose the name from among several that I gave them: And they came to Elim, where were twelve springs of water and three-score and ten palm trees ; and they encamped there by the waters. Through a little self-denial on the part of those in the Home, and through the contributions sent by the saved girls who have left the Home, we were enabled to undertake the support of a woman in the Dr. Kellogg Home for Lepers, in India. The Evil One tried hard to rob us of this joy, but the Lord gave us victory, and on March eighth, 1903, we received the joyful news that our dear leper Venkamma had been saved, had come into a bright experience, and was ministering to the more sorely afflicted lepers around her. Our hearts were full of joy. We took courage at the news, and changed the time of our

meeting from the first Thursday in each month to every Wednesday afternoon.

I am rejoiced to find a real missionary spirit possessing the hearts of many of our Christian girls. At six o'clock on an evening last winter, one of our girls went to a minister on Amelia Street, with a message from me. She had been praying that God would allow her to do something for Him who had done so much for her. She was waiting to cross Carlton and Parliament Streets, asking God for some little service for Him, when a dear old lady tottered up to her and whispered : "Will you please tell me if there is anything coming ? I can't see very well." There was a good deal coming—cars from every direction, bicycles whizzing by, men, women, and children hurrying on to happy or unhappy homes—and our dear one had the joy of piloting the little old lady to a safe place. When she told me about it, I knew by her face that she had tasted the only cup of real happiness that this life can give,—that of loving ministry to others ; and I believe she will yet drink the full cup.

The Lord is still leaving with me our dear Bessie. Her care of, and fellowship with, the babies is most delightful to see. Some of them laugh and talk with Aunt Bessie before they notice their mothers or me. She makes linguists of them all before they are out of long dresses. I do not know what are the secrets between them, but I know they are wonderful and beautiful ; for a baby's mind is an enclosed garden of lilies, into which can come nothing but fragrance and sunshine ; and they talk together, these little friends and Aunt Bessie, in their little world in Redemption Home.

There is much that I should like to write of the tenderness, gratitude, and faithfulness of the girls among whom my lot is cast. With one or two exceptions, they have not

disappointed me in any matter. Aside from the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory, I feel that the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places. Sometimes I am almost overwhelmed with the thought that many of the girls have no one in all the world to look to for happiness but her they call "Mother." All the duties and cares and work in the Home do not balance this one responsibility. I remember a day last winter on which I was selfish and unkind on an occasion when—I afterwards learned—even a reproof was not called for. Work cannot do it ; pain cannot do it ; weariness cannot do it ; but that did it,—hid from me His face. When I shut the door of my room and pleaded with my Lord to return to me, He came, but He came in divine sorrow and showed me his wounds. In my grief, I opened the Word for comfort, but I read : The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away ; neither have ye sought that which was lost ; but with force and with rigor have ye ruled over them.. . . Behold, I Myself, even I, will search after my sheep, and I will deliver them out of all places whither they have been scattered on the dark and cloudy day.

That was one of the saddest hours of my life until I was conscious of forgiveness, and saw again the light of his countenance. The Lord tenderly loves and constantly watches over the weakest lambs of his fold ; and we cannot wound a heart in which Christ dwells and not wound Christ.

What a revelation there will be when the day of revelation shall have come ! When the girl who has been scorned by society, and received perhaps but coldly by the Church, shall hear the welcome home. I have lived by the sea, and have seen in the harbor skiffs, and yachts, and tugs, and steamships, and ponderous men-of-war. And I have

seen sloops and schooners, brigs and brigantines, barques and barquantines. And I know no goodlier sight then to see a ship coming into harbor in full sail, with her white canvas spread to the breeze, and glowing in the sunlight. Witnessing such a scene, one does not ask of the voyage ; for there comes the ship in triumph. And when at last the soul's harbor is reached, the question will not be, How far have you kept from certain sins ? As if one sin could separate from God any more than another ! It requires the same blood of the atoning Sacrifice to wash away any sin that it does to wash away any other sin.

Do you remember the day when you came to Him through Christ, a sin-burdened soul, with no cry but, "God be merciful to me, a sinner ?" And do you remember when the light broke, and sins of years were washed away ? And then was there another day when following hard after the Lord and crying out for more of Himself, you heard in your heart the sound of breaking idols, and, gathering up the pieces, you cast them out and brought to Jesus a cleansed heart ? Do you remember the day ? Do you remember the joy ? And then was there another day when by revelation you saw the riches of your full inheritance in Christ, and by faith you took possession of it ? Oh, was there a day when you stayed with God until the heavens opened and you saw Jesus, and saw your place in the heavenlies with your risen and glorified Lord ? If there was such a day, from that hour everything else in life has lost its lustre. No springs of earth can quench the thirst of the heart that has been filled at the Fountain-head ; no mines of earth can give wealth to the soul that has come into her inheritance in Christ Jesus. Then, O child of God, for Christ's sake, covet this joy for those around you ! The night will soon be past ; the Morning Land is already in sight. And what then ? As I write



this paragraph, the Christian world is in mourning because the Lord is lying in the tomb. But He is not there. He is risen. And we are risen with Him and seated with Him in the heavenly places that in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of his grace in kindness toward us in Christ Jesus. And the exceeding riches of that grace He is waiting to show to the timid, trusting ones who are not in this audience tonight. I know the world has not much room for them, but in the Morning Land of which the Lamb is all the glory they will find their place. And when the day comes that He shall be crowned with many crowns, and you and I shall see his face and shall sing, without a discord and without a tremor, Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain to receive the power, and riches, and wisdom, and might, and honor, and glory, and blessing,—when that day comes, the girls and the babies will be there.



## THE WORK AND THE WORD

FOURTH ANNUAL MESSAGE.    APRIL FIFTH, 1904

**T**HE girls and I have a little world all our own. The little world is getting larger every year, and its representatives are found in all parts of Canada. Two are away off in the Northwest, but in spite of distance and snow drifts their letters come home to us.

We talk a great deal about the "old girls," and love grows stronger with each passing year. During the past year seven have come home to visit us, and their coming has brought us great joy. There is something in sorrow that knits hearts so closely together ! Given hearts that are true and a sorrow that is shared, a pain that is divided, and you have a love that life, as changeful as the sea, cannot destroy. And then we have a bond of sympathy in our babes, so pure, and so dependent upon us. Through these sweet babes God teaches us many a lesson of innocence, purity, and peace.

The past year has been the happiest of all in the history of our Home. Dear Nurse Bessie and I have found our responsibilities heavier than during previous years, perhaps because three of our number have come to us at the age of fifteen. But the life has been one of sweetness and blessing. Occasionally a young woman has come who has disturbed our peace, but not for long. God has taken out of our midst those who were evidently not intended to belong to our family circle ; for the promise that the God of peace will be with us is conditional,—that we live in peace.

Our household has numbered from seven to eighteen, but even with a full house we have been able to plan the

work of the Home so that it has gone on systematically. Our laundry, nursery, and visitors' sitting room are luxuries, or perhaps necessities, which we fully appreciate after three years of close quarters in the dear old Home on Walton Street. In the sewing-room the needles are busy until five in the evening, when recreation hour begins.

We have three meals each day in the Home, and we have three spiritual meals, considering it just as important to feed our souls regularly as our bodies. God's word is read, hymns are sung, and prayer is offered three times each day. The Word of God is divided into three parts ; so that in our daily reading—not including private Bible study—the Book is read and explained from Genesis to the Revelation about once in every thirteen months. We love the Book, and we believe it all. Some of the most blessed hours in my life I spend in prayer and study of the Word with my girls, and the "showers of blessing" that we pray for so often fall upon us until we can say, This land that was desolate has become like the garden of Eden.

Amongst fugitive English verse there are two lines which read :

A bird with a broken pinion  
Never soars as high again.

And many of God's dear children quote these lines with reference to the unfortunate young woman who has found it necessary to seek shelter, counsel, and comfort in our Home ; forgetting, as they quote it, that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God ; and forgetting, too, that the poet's pen-picture of the bird with a broken pinion can never stand for the blood-washed soul ; for God says that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Very few of our girls leave the Home



unsaved. Many have been saved before coming,—Christian young women who have been overtaken by temptation and have awakened to sorrow and to suffering that make the tortured mind an easy prey to doubt and unbelief. But there is the Book, and we read, If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. They can believe that, since God says it ; but oh, the remembrance of the past ! And then we read, I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and I will not remember thy sins. And this promise is for the youngest babe in Christ with the blackest past that ever stained a soul. The world does not believe this ; many of God's children do not believe it. But anything less than this limits the efficacy of the blood of Jesus and so dishonors God by making his Word to fail.

The soul that is hidden in Christ who from God was made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption, stands spotless before God. There are battles to be fought, there are victories to be won, there are heavy weights to be laid aside, besetting sins to be overcome, mountain-top experiences to be reached, the full stature to be attained to. There is the spirit-filled life with all the energy of love, all the endowment of mind, all the accumulation of wealth turned Godward, with daily believing for daily cleansing. But the weakling with no cry but a babe's cry, the puny lamb laid in the bosom of the Good Shepherd or carried on his shoulder, stands spotless before God, or he stands not at all ; for God cannot look upon sin. If I did not believe that no power on earth or in hell can mar Christ's perfect work for the soul—for any soul—I would close the doors of Redemption Home, I would close the covers of the Book and give it all up to eat

and drink and be merry and die. Timidly at first, but soon triumphantly, every saved girl in the Home sings :

In his Word I read it so,—  
The Blood it cleanseth white as snow.

We moved to our new Home on May eighth, 1903, a day of balmy air and sunshine, bidding good-bye to the dear little Home on Walton Street, and asking God's blessing on one of the best of good landlords.

As soon as we were all together with our goods, we closed the doors and knelt in praise and thanksgiving, and our new Home was vocal with

Praise Him ! Praise Him !  
Jesus our blessed Redeemer.

But faith is ever reaching out for more, and in July I began to pray for the house south of us. We needed still more room, and the pair of houses, 52-54, would make just such a Home as we needed. I urged this before our Heavenly Father, and also the fact that the heavier were our expenses, the more we would have in tithes for the spread of the Gospel. I believed that God was leading me out to opportunities of spiritual helpfulness to others beside the dear ones intrusted to my care ; for He can use imperfect instruments, and when God first showed me Redemption Home four years and eight months ago, I saw a mission room, or prayer room, for general use in God's vineyard. And so, on July twenty-third, I felt that the answer was to come in Number 52 Augusta Avenue. On July twenty-fourth God gave me another promise in my daily portion : And God is able to make all grace abound unto you ; that ye having always all sufficiency in all things may abound unto every good work. I believed the second house was to be ours, praised God for it, and waited.

On September first, I received word that Number 52 was to be vacant. Of course the Evil One endeavored to prove that it is much easier to trust when there is nothing at stake than when one has to assume, humanly speaking, financial responsibility. But I closed the door of my room and did not leave my knees until a quarter to eleven, when the house was ours. The Lord spoke to me through John 14 : 14 : "If ye shall ask Me anything in my name, that will I do." And then came the thought of the extra strength that would be required, and God said in Jeremiah 15 : 11, "Truly I will strengthen thee for good." Then before I rose from my knees, as if to give me additional encouragement, the Holy Spirit led me to Psalm 111 : 5 : "He will ever be mindful of his covenant." It was a holy hour, crowned with one of the holiest moments of my life ; for, before turning out the gas, in the stillness of the night, I heard God's voice as distinctly as I ever heard a human voice : "I will never forsake." I cannot describe the sacredness of that hour. Heaven and earth may pass away, but I know that God will never forsake those who put their trust in Him.

On September fifteenth, I received the key of the house. On September twenty-first, the carpenter came to cut the doors through and make the two houses into one ; and with every sound from the hammer my heart said, Praise God for his faithfulness.

We began to pray for furniture and other things needful, and by Christmas we had all that was necessary.

I did not feel that the second house was quite so secure to me as the one owned by our kind friend, Mr. Chapman ; so I asked the brethren to pray with me, on November seventh, that God would make it secure in his own way. They did so, and on November twentieth I received a

lawyer's letter offering me a lease of the place for two years and six months.

And now I do not know what God's mind is for the future. I only know that He gave me one house, that He gave me two houses, and that I would not be surprised should He give more ; and I want it all done in his own way.

The down-stair front room of our second house is set apart as a prayer room for our home circle, and for other meetings. There is a meeting held every Friday evening in this room ; the gospel of God's grace is preached, and Christians pray for a deeper spiritual life. On the first Monday in each month, at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, there is held in the prayer room at No. 52 a meeting of Christians to pray for the spread of the Gospel in all heathen lands, in the neglected parts of our own land, and in our own city.

But let me now recount a few answers to prayer.

A faith-life stands for an uninterrupted ministry of prayer,—a most blessed ministry for the soul, but sometimes wearying to the flesh. There can be no withholding from God for "a rainy day." There can be no plans for rest or recreation until God says, "Come apart." There can be neither friend nor kinsman whose voice is heard before the voice of God, and since the way has been committed to God, the needs of a faith-life can be told to no ear but his. I remember a season with the Lord on November eleventh, in which He spoke to me again upon this matter, and I heard distinctly his words : "Are you willing to go alone with Me ?" O yes, Lord Jesus, I said, Thou wast alone for me in Gethsemane. And He was alone for me on the Cross, all alone ; for God forsook Him as He hung there in my room and stead ; and I said, Yes, Lord, alone with Thee. Nine days later God gave me the lease on our second house.



The first note I find in my diary of the past year is dated April twenty-seventh, the date of this meeting a year ago. I had been thinking how much God had done for me, and as my thoughts went to the meeting, I said to myself, Flowers would be nice for tonight. In a few moments, although I had not asked God for them, they came, sent expressly for the meeting.

On May sixteenth I had many requests to make of our Heavenly Father, one being for a few dollars to cover a necessary expense. I spent the early hours with Him, and while yet in prayer a cheque came for ten dollars, which covered the expense referred to.

On May twenty-seventh we were praying for the same amount of money. In the evening I went to prayer-meeting, and on my return I found eighteen roses and the ten dollars.

About a year previous to this time the Lord showed me that it was our privilege to give for his work outside the Home a proportion of all that He gave us for daily needs. So I began to give a tenth, believing it to be a reasonable proportion for us, and not necessarily unscriptural even if we are under grace. We were still owing four dollars and fifty cents for the month's rent, and while in church on Sunday I determined to go home after service and ask God to send the amount promptly if He wished me to tithe before paying the landlord, but to hold back the money if He did not wish me to do so. Before I left the church, the Lord sent me the four dollars and fifty cents for the rent and fifty cents besides for the tithes.

And now some months later I find a note dated June nineteenth, 1903 : Visit from Dr. and Mrs. Smith, India. We had been praying that God would give us a representative in a heathen land, a native Bible-woman whom we could support with part of our tithes, and God sent Dr.

Smith to tell us of Blandinamma, nurse and Bible-woman to her sisters in India. We joyfully accepted her as God's choice for us, and thanked Him for his answer to prayer.

On June twenty-second, and for a few days before, we were praying for twenty-one dollars in money, and for a pair of boots for myself. Bessie had said also : "Mother, we must ask the Lord for a sofa for you." On the day referred to, I was out in the evening, and coming home I found seven dollars in bank notes, and a sofa, a good one, too. I reminded the girls that our Father would not stop until He had finished what He had begun. So we praised and prayed, and by eleven o'clock the next day we had the sofa, my boots, and the twenty-one dollars.

On June twenty-fifth, dear Miss Hatch, who is again in the thick of the fight in the burning heat of an Indian sun, made us a visit, and spoke to our Elim Mission Circle. She told us much of the leper work, especially of Venkamma, our dear leper. The spiritual blessing reached into the next day, but that day food was low in our larder, and we had not put away our self-denial small change for Venkamma. So I said, Girls, shall we have butter for tea, or pay our leper dues ? "Never mind the butter," was the hearty response. While the girls prepared the evening meal, I went out to make a visit on the King's business, but I returned with four pounds of choice butter.

God has clothed us, and clothed us well, and He has taken note of such little things that we have needed and has sent them.

During the second week in July the Lord sent me several articles of dress for which I had not prayed, and which I could have managed to do without. And I said, The Lord must be getting me ready to go home for a visit. (It was my fourth summer without a vacation.) On July eighth I was with a fifteen-year-old sufferer for thirty-one

hours, with not more than ten minutes sleep. And when the anxious hours were past, Dr. Hooper remarked, "You will surely need a vacation after this." That very day the Lord sent me a cheque for ten dollars, specified to be used for my summer holiday.

On February fourteenth, 1901, I prayed for a telephone, and received from God the promise of one. On July ninth, 1903, I received a letter from a dear brother in Christ informing me that he had ordered a telephone to be put in our house.

August eighth was a day of peculiar good cheer with us ; and of all pretty brides I think our dear one was the prettiest I ever saw. And such a time as we had getting wedding garments enough for us all ! for no one cared to be out of harmony with our golden-haired little one who flitted about the rooms in her bridal robes more like a fairy than like the weeping child that had come to us a few weeks before. A wedding in our Home is as important an event as in any home. The sacred, sweet, and solemn hour arrived, and the party entered the room made ready by a hasty touch here and there from deft fingers ; and our little sister became a wife.

During the third week in August we had quite a testing time. Food was low. Indeed, on the seventeenth, we had little, if any, as the dinner hour drew near. Our rent was due, and part of it was in the Treasury. Should we buy food or wait until the Lord sent it ? We determined not to touch money belonging to another. So we prayed and prayed ; and before we had time to be really hungry, our faithful farmer friend from away out in the country reined his pair of spirited bays in front of Redemption Home, and began to unload "the stuff." We fairly shouted for joy. So many times has this dear man of God come to us in our need, and he has to rise at two o'clock in

the morning in order to reach us by noon ! One day we were speaking of the faithfulness of this friend, and dear Sara remarked, "Just think, four hours on the road while we are all asleep !" And then we thought of the Friend of all friends, who, watching over us always, slumbers not nor sleeps.

On August twenty-fifth, I was agonizing with God almost in darkness because of delay in the manifest answer to prayer. I had to have money, and the Treasury was empty. But before very long, like a flashlight from heaven, the Holy Spirit revealed to me the truth of Galatians 4 : 7 : Heir to every promise. I grasped the truth with unspeakable joy, knowing that I then had all that I needed. Soon the door bell rang, and a lady from England handed me seven dollars ; and before many hours had passed another child of God put into my hand thirty dollars,—more than I had asked of my loving Heavenly Father.

If I began to tell of all that Christmas was to us this year both in material and spiritual blessings, I am afraid we would be here all night. On Christmas Eve amongst numerous gifts, the Lord sent me a two-dollar bank-note for my own use. I had use for it; but waking in the night, I remembered that I had put it into the Lord's Treasury by mistake. I felt that I could not take it again, and I asked the Lord to please send me another in its place if He willed me to have it. I went to sleep, and the first post in the morning brought me five dollars for personal use.

In tenderest love God has cared for our bodies. Through the long, cold winter, with grip, pneumonia, and other maladies prevailing, we were almost free from sickness. Four of our household were slightly indisposed during the winter, but for not more than a day or two each ; and notwithstanding the intense cold I had not one day of illness.



On February twenty-seventh, a young Christian wife of refinement and faith, deserted by her husband, came to be with us for a short time. Later on her little boy, eight years of age, developed chicken-pox ; but God has said : "There shall no plague come nigh thy dwelling." I rested on that word, and not one of our six babes took the malady.

Every day has brought answers to prayer. I have referred to a few of them. Much more could be written and yet not the half be told. I have passed over one blessing which I must recount. When I took the second house, our kind friend who owns No. 54 had the renting of No. 52 as well. That was all right. He himself knew how to trust God. But at the third month the business was given into the hands of the executor, whom I had never seen, and who knew nothing of our life and work. He called on the eighteenth for the rent, and there was not a dollar in the house. I presume that the kind man was somewhat perplexed. The next day we humbled ourselves before God, confessing our sins, and besought his mercy and favor. Nothing came except four dollars, which we still owed on the rent of our north house. The next day I felt that I must prevail with God. What would the new landlord think ? After breakfast, when the work of the Home was well begun, I closed the door of my room determined not to let God go until He blessed me. Our rent generally comes in several small amounts, but I felt that I must have it all very soon. I pleaded with God until four o'clock in the afternoon for the honor of his name in the eyes of one who was then a stranger to me, but whose heart the Lord has touched to be most kind. At four o'clock I felt so sure of the blessing that I went downstairs to take a lunch, and while I was there a dear child of God called with a cheque from British Columbia for twenty

dollars, the exact amount needed for the rent of the south house and the tithes.

My friends often ask, "Have you had coal enough?" We have two furnaces, a laundry stove, and a range in the kitchen. Three or four times during the winter the Treasury was empty, the mercury running down below zero, and the last of the coal was on the fires. Once or twice the house began to get cool, one fire went out and then another, and we began to put on coats and shawls; but before we were really cold, God sent us coal. I could not be anxious, knowing the love, the compassion, the power, the wealth of the Lord God of heaven and earth in whom I trust.

On February sixteenth, with but two cents in the Treasury, the mercury not far from zero, both coal-bins empty and the house getting cold, we had special prayer late in the afternoon, and God whispered: "It will come soon." Before six o'clock we had our coal.

Through these four years of blessed service I have felt my footing more and more secure, standing on the promises of God. With the control and guidance of all the worlds in his hands, He has put forth his hand to work for us. Fear thou not; for I am with thee. Our God sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers. He stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in. He hath created all the stars, bringing out their host by number and calling them all by name. By the greatness of his might, and for that He is strong in power, not one is lacking. And unto this God do I commit my cause, which doeth great things and unsearchable, mervellous things without number.

I must bring this paper to a close. But I am glad that I shall have all eternity through which to praise God for his

faithfulness, as well as for his infinite love to me, a sinner, saved by sovereign grace through faith in the precious blood of Jesus Christ, my risen Saviour. And this brings me to the secret of it all,—Jesus, blessed Jesus. Washed in that precious blood, I dare look up to God. In that all-prevailing name I supplicate God. For Christ's sake I dare to plead ; for Christ's sake I make bold to wrestle ; for Christ's sake I fully trust ; for Christ's sake I rest, knowing that God cannot deny his Son. God's Word could never change and could never fail even if I had no Saviour ; but what would God's Word be to any sinner condemned to die did he not stand by faith in the righteousness of the Christ of God, who made atonement for the world's sin by the death of Himself ; in the righteousness of Him who is the effulgence of God's glory, the very image of his substance, upholding all things by the word of his power. For it was the good pleasure of the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell.





## A MOUNT OF BLESSING.

FIFTH ANNUAL MESSAGE. MARCH TWENTY-FIRST, 1905.

**T**HIS is our wooden wedding ; and the gifts are both numerous and costly. There is wood from the almond tree and the fir tree for our musical instruments.

Praise Him with the psaltery and harp,  
Praise Him with stringed instruments and the pipe,  
Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.

There is the balm tree or the balsam ; there is balm in Gilead. The Great Physician is there, He who gives the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

There are gifts from the box tree, the foundation for the costliest structure : the unfailing promises of God upon which are built the ivory palaces of faith.

There are gifts from the myrtle tree, with its dark, glossy leaves, white flowers, and exquisite perfume.

There are gifts from the palm tree ; for passing the Marah of bitterness we have come to Elim with its twelve springs of water and three score and ten palm trees.

And there is olive wood in abundance at this wooden wedding ; for this is one of the promised blessings of the Promised Land. And tonight may this be more than something sweet and inspiring in the imagination. The olive tree with its abundant yielding of fruit and oil, type of the Holy Ghost ! And of all precious gifts that God could bestow upon us on this occasion, this is the most precious,—an outpouring of his Holy Spirit.

And now of the many things touching our life in the

Home, and God's faithfulness and infinite love, what shall I write ? I might answer a question so often asked me. You, dear ones, who listen to, or read, this message, have given of your means to carry on a work begun by one woman without money, without co-operation, except in prayer, without the least possible prospect of success, and without any claim upon your generosity of stewardship except that you believed her when she said that this was a call of God. Many of you have contributed at a sacrifice. Many have prayed without ceasing, even when other burdens were pressing heavily upon you. You have made my care your care, and this all the more since, having covenanted to walk alone with God, I have felt bound to withhold from you the fact of a need.

I have given five years of my life ; have given it from my friends ; have given it from home dear ones who still have a chair for me, and whose love and gentleness could strew my pathway with flowers. I have said No ! No ! when balmy south winds have brought the invitation from Nature to commune with her in restfulness and keen delights. I have met criticism, reproach, and coldness from those without, and ingratitude and rudeness from those within, the little circle of my life. I have toiled late and early, day and night. I have suffered with the suffering ones ; have wept—perhaps unknown to them—with the weeping ones ; have defended the defenceless ones ; and have shared the scorn for the scorned ones. We can live this life only once. Does it pay ?

When the number received must of necessity be limited, I am obliged to turn away many who apply for admission to the Home. The girl who is wilfully and persistently immoral is not received. Nor is the young woman who is not willing to mother and work for her little one, and not willing to confess to her own mother—if she have one—her

wrong-doing. But even with care in receiving, there have been untrue ones in the Home ; disloyal ones, untruthful ones who were with us but were not of us. The number of such is small indeed. And what of the loyal ones ? What of the true ones ? What of the altogether worthy ones ?

When God by his Holy Spirit has spoken into newness of life a soul dead in trespasses and in sin ; when He has seen that soul, washed in the precious blood of Jesus through faith spotless before Him, and has entered that name in the Lamb's Book of Life, and has set upon that one his everlasting love ; and when the Evil One in his hatred for that heaven-born soul clothes himself as an angel of light, and wooingly and winningly perfects his Satanic operations until the redeemed one, the loved of the Christ and of the Father, almost feels the fires of hell,—does it pay that there is a Christian home and a heart of sympathy awaiting the bewildered one as she awakens to the consciousness of her fate ? A home in which, emerging from her night of repentance and grief, she may know again the joy of God's salvation, and may go on from strength to strength until, in spite of it all, she sees Him face to face, and tells the story, saved by grace,—does that pay ? Twenty-one of my girls have come to me as Christian young women, God's own children.

And when a young woman who until now has rejected the Saviour's love, who has been wilful and wayward, but who, when the time comes to reap the reward of her wrongdoing, surrenders her will, and yielding her heart to all that is pure and good, comes eagerly and gratefully into a family circle where Christ is exalted almost hourly, where the Bible is almost the only book, where the songs of Jesus are the only songs, and where she passes out of darkness into the marvellous light of salvation by faith

in the Lord Jesus as her personal Saviour,—does it pay that there is such a home ready for her ?

But there has been help afforded a large class of transient ones. One hundred and fourteen women and girls, and between sixty and seventy babies have lived under our roof. Forty-three babies have been born in the Home. Many of the transients have been unfortunate young mothers who have come with their babies in their arms. Some of these have remained for a longer, some for a shorter time, until God could use me in helping them on a step farther in their journey through a loveless life. The saved ones of this class have been strengthened and cheered, and the unsaved have heard again the Gospel message.

It does pay. And, friends, as we shall never have another wooden wedding, bear with me while I speak to you tonight out of the fullness of my heart. It has paid me. You may put on one side of the scales all the pleasures that money can buy, all the heart-swellings before big audiences, foot-lights, and flowers ; even all the ecstasy of a heart in sound of, and in tune with, Nature's sweetest music ; you may bring the enthusiastic love of country and pile that on too, and all the energy and eloquence of the new woman of reformation and national burden-bearing,—bring it all, and it is lighter than air on at least one pair of scales. For a true woman's true joy is found in motherhood: He hath made me to keep house and to be the joyful mother of children. There are burdens and heavy ones ; there is an occasional hour of loneliness ; there are testings. But I know that in all this world there cannot be found a heart in which lives a sweeter, fuller joy than that in my own. From morning until night our rooms re-echo the sweet word, "Mother." It means something to be called by a name by which the sweetest and noblest woman that ever wore a crown of silver hair is known to



me,—“Mother.” Many of my girls have never known a mother’s love. And in spite of disloyalty on the part of a few, I would spend five years or five times five for less than five of those who follow me, and trust me, and—I do believe—love me as “Mother.”

And then the babies who are born to us ! They have such a way of entwining themselves with the heart strings that when they go the music is all out of tune. Without stratagem they have the art of wooing and winning. God bless them, and in the fast-coming days may they shine as the stars forever and ever.

But I am selfish in this reason. There is another and a better reason. On Augusta Avenue, Numbers 52 and 54, is a Home of sixteen good rooms, leased at a rental of thirty-six dollars a month. It is comfortably furnished, having two furnaces, a laundry stove, a range in the kitchen, and three gas stoves. There are good beds and plenty of warm bedding for a family numbering at present nineteen. There is a telephone and every comfort and convenience found in any comfortable Christian home, beside provision for maternity work. This Home was opened with a capital of one dollar and the unfailing promises of God. The Home and all that is in it is a testimony to God’s faithfulness in answering prayer. God loves and pities the dear ones who come to us for shelter, but I am feeling more and more that his first purpose in establishing the Home is that it may bring honor and glory to Him as a covenant-keeping God.

In October, 1904, God sent us one of our best blessings when Miss Roberts, leaving Peterborough for this ministry, came to lend the sympathy of her true heart and the energy of her tutored mind to help in bringing blessing to our girls. Miss Roberts comes to the Home four afternoons in each week and teaches a school for the study of

the English branches. Five of the younger girls attend regularly, and the loved teacher comes as religiously as if engaged by the Toronto School Board at the regulation salary.

And so the activities of the Home multiply under the guidance of the Holy Spirit and the blessing of God. The school work, the housekeeping, the care of five or six or more babies, the maternity work, the employment in the sewing-room, and the general missionary work give us enough to do. But to love and to labor is to be happy.

Through another year I have proved our God to be a God who cannot fail. Never have I known Him in his love and faithfulness as I know Him now. Never have I had such a conception of the exalted, the glorious privilege of being united with Christ in a lone walk with God. As I pen these words, my soul rises to visions which I cannot pass on even to you. Pens prove powerless; lips, touched with fire, become tremulous and sealed. God lives ! God loves ! And by the operation of his Divine Spirit He has lifted me to a place close beside Himself in the very secret of his presence.

I must wait tonight to recount only a few answers to prayer.

And here I would bear testimony to God's loving kindness in caring for our patients, and offer a note of praise in which, I am sure, Dr. Hooper joins. In each case there has been a child to dedicate to the Lord, and a mother to praise God for his compassion. In no spot in the Home is God's love more manifest than in the room where both supplication and praise are offered to Him.

About the middle of April I said to Nurse Bessie that I would like some extract of beef for a certain use in the Home. No one heard but God ; but when dear old Father

Bone came to bring us a message on Friday evening, he brought the extract of beef.

On May sixth I needed three dollars, the balance due on rent, and, as it was a certain anniversary day in the Home, I asked for two dollars extra. I received the exact amount with the tithes.

On May seventeenth I was taken painfully ill. Five days later I felt that I must plead with God. Expenses were going on, and nothing was coming in. But I found how little strength I had. So I turned my face to the east windows and whispered, Father, do not forget. Immediately came the answer, "A mother may forget, yet will not I." It was Sunday morning, and I asked that I might receive a token of God's love the next day. The first mail brought me twelve dollars. Then I rested again in His love. On May twenty-seventh, after ten days of quiet, I was given permission to be up. But my strength was gone, and I could only pray : Oh, Lord, give me strength to pray for strength. God heard my prayer, and after a season with Him I went downstairs among the girls and attended the evening meeting.

The next morning I said to the girls that I must wait upon God, as much was needed. But before I called He answered, and sent me one hundred dollars in cheques.

On June thirtieth I was down town in the morning, and said to myself : As soon as I go home, I must ask the Lord for ten dollars. While waiting for a transfer, a good brother came up to me and said: "I have had ten dollars for you for quite a while. I will send it."

That afternoon we had a picnic in High Park. We were to go if the Lord sent the dollar for our car tickets, and He did. We started, a party of fifteen, including six babies. It was a perfect June day, and we were very happy. While the babies slept, and the girls roamed around at

leisure, I spent a few quiet moments looking into the face of Nature, and watching a ship moving over the sunlit waters. A bird came out from the top of a tree and soared upward and upward until it was lost to sight. It brought a sweet message ; for it went the way that I knew my soul would go when, as free as that bird, I should go at His call for me ; or with, perhaps, many in this room, should meet Him in the air, and be forever with the Lord. Thus hope in the soul goes on singing.

Later, as we sat in a circle singing the songs of Jesus, I noticed that a storm was gathering. We were a long way from home, and because of the babies and the young mothers I asked God to please stay the rain until we could get there. When the last one had entered the door, the rain began to fall heavily, but not one drop fell on us.

On August fifth, after somewhat of testing, I remembered that a friend had told me some time before that he had ten dollars for us. And now I asked the Lord to please remind the brother of his contribution. The first mail, the next morning, brought the good man's cheque for ten dollars.

I was led to pray again on August eighteenth that God would stir up the minds of some of his people to whom He had already spoken. That evening another good brother came with five dollars, saying that he and his wife had had that amount for us for quite a while. When I told him how I had prayed, he shook his head and said : "The Devil makes us forget." But God never forgets.

The closing paragraph of this message I would like to call A Mount of Blessing, and How It Was Reached. Again I would remind you, dear friends, that this is an anniversary occasion, and you will bear with me if I open my heart to you more fully than on previous occasions. A mount of blessing to the individual or to the church is



not reached without cost. There can be no sunrise without a midnight. There can be no rainbow without clouds. There can be no victory without a conflict. There can be no resurrection without a tomb. And I believe that God had a message for his dear people here as well as for me in the sharp testing through which He called me to pass some months ago.

If I have learned God's mind, He has a threefold purpose in testing. First, to try faith that it may grow thereby. I. Peter 1 : 6-7, Ye have been put to grief in manifold trials, that the proof of your faith being more precious than gold that perisheth though it is tried by fire, might be found unto praise and glory and honor at the revelation of Jesus Christ. Second, to try his servant that He may prove what kind of material he is made of. II. Chronicles 32 : 30-31, And Hezekiah prospered in all his works. Howbeit . . . God left him to try him, that He might know all that was in his heart. And, third, to test for discipline. Psalm 89 : 32-33 : I will visit their iniquity with stripes. But my mercy will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail. . . . My covenant will I not break, not alter the thing that is gone out of my lips.

These are all purposes of love ; and I praise God tonight for the severe testing that led so unmistakably to the mount of blessing.

About the middle of last September the chariot began to drive heavily. Supplies were withheld, and the Evil One was making his presence felt in many ways. On October fifth, when the need was still greater, God strengthened my faith with II. Peter 1 : 3, The divine power of God hath granted unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness. On October seventeenth I wrote in my journal : Awful testing : fifty dollars required at once.

And there was not a dollar in the Treasury. I also wrote, "Prayer for help. Weariness." The testing continued. From meal to meal God sent our food ; plain indeed it was, but always sufficient. Often there was absolutely nothing in the house when the meal was finished, but we were never hungry. Still the money required to meet other needs was withheld. Everytime the doorbell rang I thought that God had sent deliverance, but nothing came. As the financial burden increased, other difficulties presented themselves. Rebellion, to almost Satanic possession, seized one of the girls, and for days and nights she became a constant care. Like Moses, I felt that the matter was too great for me, and I besought God to send someone to walk by my side in all things pertaining to the life and work, to share every burden with me if it could be his will. Every dip of the oars was against the stream. Towards the evening of October nineteenth, after weeks of testing, head and hands and heart were so weary that I had not strength to prepare for my bed, and every sound that fell on my ear gave me intense pain. I said to the Lord that unless He helped me my service was at an end. Then came his words, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." It was enough. I slept eleven hours, and awakened strong in his strength.

On Saturday morning, October twenty-second, I determined to fast until the blessing came. From a human point of view there was not much hope ; for not a dollar was coming to the Home. But once God said of the chief of sinners, "Behold he prayeth," and that morning, as I prayed, God gave me a vision of the glory. When I arose from my knees, the heavy cloud in the western sky had parted, and a spot of bright blue met my eye. I said to my God and Father who had his hand upon this great universe, and upon every detail of my little life, that I

was ready to go on alone with Him, and I opened my heart to the glory. Then God gave me Jeremiah 42 : 11, I am with you to save you. I knew that He could not change. He was as pitiful as ever, as powerful as ever, as rich as ever ; and He would ever be mindful of his covenant. God had promised to supply all my need, and I could trust Him. My fasting was spoiled for that day. Can ye make the sons of the bride-chamber fast while the bridegroom is with them ? God stayed with me, but the testing continued, and later in the month I find written : Seeing the face of Jesus in the dark. Was there ever anything so bright ?

Days passed, and there was no deliverance. On Saturday night, November sixth, there was a ray of light. We had no money and no bread ; but before the stores closed the Lòrd sent us ten dollars, and we praised and blessed the God whom we trusted. The following week the stream against which I had been rowing had become more than a stream. Satan had wormed his way into our midst, and rebellion, deception, disloyalty, and ingratitude nearly broke my heart. November ninth, 1904, was one of the bitterest days of my life.

When I awakened early on November twenty-fourth, my first thought was of the long testing and the great need ; but immediately I heard God's voice, and He said : "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever." What a word it was ! When Satan thrust into my mind an anxious thought, or into my heart a dull foreboding, I struck him down with, "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever." Whenever he hissed at me that there must be failure on my part, I turned on him with the truth that the excellency was not in me, never was, and never could be, but that "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever."

I spent most of November twenty-fifth in fasting and prayer. We had a most blessed noonday service. God came near to us as we were gathered there shut in from the outside world, looking only to Him for deliverance. Dear Miss Roberts was with us that day, and God spoke to us. He also gave me this word : 'Therefore will the Lord wait that He may be gracious unto you. I believed it.

All through those days I find such records as this : Neither bread nor meal for breakfast. One dollar and fifty cents sent. And I emphasize again the fact that we were never hungry. But late in November the coal began to give out. On November twenty-eighth both furnace fires were out, and the laundry fire was out, while a few cinders kept life in the range. The babies were as warm as toast with their snug comforters and hot bricks, and the girls worked hard, sang hymns, and were happy. But it began to look a little dark to the "Mother" of the large family. That night I contributed to a missionary meeting in the north end of the city and came home in a blinding snowstorm. I knew how cold my room would be without one breath of warm air, but the colder the outlook, the warmer glowed the love. Before I could sleep I thought of the forty Christian martyrs of Cappadocia who, robbed of their clothing, were turned upon a lake of ice and left a prey for the bitter night winds of winter. On the banks glowed the warmth and the cheer of a luxuriant home to which they were invited, but to seek which meant to deny the Christ they loved and followed. From the lake of ice and the merciless night winds they passed to the love and the warmth of the bosom of Jesus. And that night in November, while I was really cold, I asked myself if I could be faithful unto death. I left the question unanswered. Could I ? Could you ? The next day every fire in the Home was out ; but the babies' bricks were heated with



gas, and the babes were warm. Before night the Lord sent one dollar, and I bought coal enough for a day or two.

On December first I needed seventy dollars, besides provision for food, fuel, gas, and water, and there was not one dollar in the Treasury. On that date I find written in my journal : Cannot be anxious ; God is adjusting affairs. We read in God's word that He is able out of the stones of the wilderness of Judea to raise up children unto Abraham ; and if God can make children out of stones, He can make silver and gold out of the snowflakes or the dust on Augusta Avenue. The next morning I kept my household in bed ; and with faithful Jennie I gathered up the remnants and praised God.

On December second there was no fire in the south house, and the mercury stood nine degrees above zero. It was Friday, and I sought to know God's mind about the evening meeting. I believed that until the blessing came it would dishonor God to allow his people to know of the testing ; and a few friends would be coming to the meeting. After prayer, I considered that, with care, we could keep a low fire in the north house until nine o'clock. We would turn the sewing-room into a mission room, have the meeting, and trust God for the rest. But at five o'clock the Lord sent us five dollars to be used for coal ; and our good friend Mr. Payne was not long in getting the coal to us. In the evening a man of God brought us a message on the inheritance of the saints in light, and we sang :

My Father is rich in houses and lands,  
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands.

From that day light began to break on every side. And now, day after day, came the answers to prayer offered in the name of Jesus. On December sixteenth I find written, Brighter all the time. No words can describe

the deep peace and joy which filled my heart when the morning broke, and God poured in upon us the sunshine of his love and every material blessing. Some changes had been made in the membership of our family, and on January twenty-fifth I wrote, Home, sweet home ! No bride in the first glow of her wedded joy was ever happier. And still the blessings multiply. The glory-light is everywhere. The Holy Spirit broods over us like a dove. I can see daily evidence of the Spirit's work in our midst. The Christian girls are growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior.

And I am sure that through the testing I have learned needful lessons of humility, of compassion, and of trust ; and I have seen into the heart of God when by the Holy Ghost He declared of Jesus that "in all things He might have the pre-eminence ;" for through that all-prevailing name has all this blessing, both material and spiritual, come. Through Him and Him only can any blessing come ; through Him by whom God made the worlds, who is the effulgence of God's glory, the very image of his substance. Oh ! what a gift of this sin-cursed earth ! Our God and Father in Heaven—

One blessed, all-prevailing Name,  
Unlocks the treasures of thy grace.  
Thro' Him, in Him, all things we claim,  
And find thy glory in his face.

And now, dear friends, in conclusion—for God's purposes concerning us reach beyond our little lives—what is the message for us to-night ? Testing, supplication, victory !

## A RAINBOW WITHOUT A CLOUD

SIXTH ANNUAL MESSAGE. MARCH TWENTY-NINTH, 1906

NOT long after this meeting was held a year ago, a friend of mine said to me: "That was a nice idea about the wooden wedding. What name will you give your next report?" I replied that I could not know so long before. The year has come and gone, and the time has again arrived for me to speak, although feebly and unworthily, of God's loving kindness shown to us through another year. And, as I do so, my thought goes back to last year's message, "A Mount of Blessing, and How it was Reached." In that message I read again :

"There can be no sunrise without a midnight. There can be no rainbow without clouds. There can be no victory without conflict. There can be no resurrection without a tomb."

Tonight, as I look back, I call the distance between that meeting and this an unclouded firmament, and lo ! I see a rainbow that reaches from horizon to horizon,—from that meeting to this. And so, notwithstanding my word of last year, I have named this message "A Rainbow Without a Cloud," and with its vision still bright I give here a few answers to prayer which I find recorded in my diary.

On March thirtieth I needed ten dollars to pay our plumber, and I asked God for it. During the day a friend called and took from her purse ten dollars. My heart rejoiced at this prompt answer to my prayer, but when she asked me to please send the money for her to the lepers of India I felt a little disappointed. I soon realized that

I had sinned. I should have been glad instead of sorry. I humbled myself before God and asked for forgiveness. The Lord turned towards me his blessed face in pardon, and before I slept that night He sent me a token of His love and forgiveness in twenty dollars.

Sometimes God supplies all our need from day to day, for a considerable length of time, and then supplies will be withheld until I have to ask something large of our Father in Heaven. This was so in April and May of last year. I find that upon many days of those months I was asking God for larger amounts of money, and also for daily food. But I find such entries as the following : May first : fifty-four dollars needed for rent and about seventeen dollars for other uses. But I have added, Sweet rest and perfect trust. On that day, as half-past ten, we prayed for something more for dinner. At eleven o'clock the Lord sent potatoes.

May eleventh : Dinner sufficient, but rather dry. Prayed for meat or butter ; in a few moments a lady rang the doorbell and handed in two pounds of butter.

All through May I find larger amounts withheld, but such entries as Glorious victory continually. Compassed about with songs of deliverance.

May twenty-seventh : Opposite this date I find written : So much withheld, but not the shining of His face. Nearly ninety dollars required for rent.

On June fourth the Lord expressed Himself as pleased with my trust in Him by sending eighty dollars by one mail. And on June seventh or eighth I asked for five dollars to a little more than cover everything, and received that day six dollars and twenty-five cents. On June sixth I find recorded : Such wondrous grace, mercy, love, favor.

During my absence in the summer there was severe testing, but, as before, God has a wise and loving purpose



in it, and I praise Him for every step of the way since last we met together.

Christmas, 1905, was, I think, the happiest I have spent since the inception of the work. In view of the bereavement which had so recently come to my own home, my heart sank as I thought of Christmas time. How could I be happy knowing the sorrow of those I so much loved ! But the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, had come in all his fulness, giving such a vision of our dear one in the very presence of Him whose birth we would celebrate that I was enabled, as before, to give myself to praise and to the happiness of those around me. Our Father in Heaven showered his gifts upon us. Smile upon smile from his blessed face ! Gift upon gift from his blessed hand ! And so the weeks and months go by.

I must not linger too long over this part of my message although it does my heart good to consider how great things He hath done for us. Through another year God has cared for us most graciously, and has supplied all our need in clothing, food, fuel, and rent. And it has all come by the way of the Throne. Not one dollar has been solicited, not one collection made in our behalf. More and more I am learning to claim, through the Word, the all things from God, by Jesus Christ.

On March twelfth I prayed for thirty dollars. God gave me from his Word David's prayer on that glad day when the people rejoiced because they had offered willingly with a perfect heart. And David said : "Both riches and honor come of Thee." And beside that truth I placed our fulness in Jesus : Heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ. So again by faith—because God says so— I claimed my thirty dollars and received by the first mail the next morning a cheque for fifty dollars.

During the third week in January my rent was due. I  
F.G. 4.

had ten dollars towards it, but we needed coal and food. I hesitated for a moment, wondering if it were God's mind for us to deny ourselves necessities or to use the rent money. But I was so full of thoughts of God's love for us and of his unbounded wealth (and all things are ours) that I told the Lord that I would trust Him for more for the rent, and so have the coal and food. The next day a kind brother in Christ brought me from a member of his Bible Class a cheque for one hundred dollars.

Redemption Home is not a maternity home and not a hospital. And yet on looking back I find that since the first little one's cry was heard in our midst in November, 1900, we have averaged a birth every five and a half weeks. And God has been with us.

During the past year I have learned to more fully trust the Lord for physical strength. I can bless Him for an hour in which He opened my eyes to human weakness and to divine strength. I said, I will go in the strength of the Lord, and from that time I have found a place of rest not found before.

During the past year I have also received more answers to prayer for the supply of personal needs than, perhaps, during all previous years. I am getting to know the Lord better. Even after God had given me some measure of boldness in asking for the Home I was slow to inquire of Him regarding any personal needs. I found it so sweet to walk alone with God, so blessed to live, not of the world, but for Him and Him only, that I was willing to make any sacrifices, to deny myself even much that I really needed that I might know Him and the power of his resurrection and the fellowship of his sufferings. But the gifts of God cannot be bought even with sacrifice. It is just as true today as in the day of Abraham that faith is counted for righteousness. Everything is of grace, and there is grace enough for everything. I have been learning to trust God

as never before, and to take from his outstretched hand the good things which He delights to give.

I remember a prayer that was offered at this meeting a year ago by a pastor in this city who is now witnessing for Jesus in Detroit. In my message I had been led to refer to a time of testing, a time of difficulty, a bit of rough rowing in which every dip of the oar was against the stream. There was cause for it all. A little leaven will leaven the whole lump. A Jonah in the boat will bring a storm. An Achan in the camp will bring defeat. The dear brother referred to prayed last year that I might never know so severe a testing again. So far, at least, that prayer has been answered. At times God has withheld supplies, has withheld the rent until his own time for sending it would come ; but I have always seen the shining of his face. Never in the history of the Home have I found our daily life so free from burdens.

I praise God that it is his plan that my help in our domestic life come from those who call me "Mother." If the Lord tarry, I believe that as the years go by, and the work enlarges, He will raise up others to be Marthas in the Home. One dear one in her second year cares for the laundry, leads in the work there, gives out the bedding, and plays the hymns when I am absent from prayers. Still another second year dear one has charge of both furnaces, looks after carpenter's tools, repairs our fences, gates, and board walks, and goes the rounds at night to see to our fires, windows, and doors. A Christian girl, but recently come amongst us, is doing good service as cook.

Indeed, nearly all those who are with me now have at heart the highest good of the Home that we may not be ashamed before Him at his coming. A year ago it seemed that I had to have eyes for every room at the same time. It is not so now. While I still superintend every depart-

ment of the work, I am free from the care and anxiety of eighteen months ago.

With the first sign of life in many of our babes there has come to me the desire that in a very marked way they may live to witness for Jesus. And as I watch the mothers in the Home, I covet one and another for Him whose I am and whom I serve. It will mean a complete surrender of her will ; an absolute renunciation of the world and its allurements ; a prolonged retirement and discipline in the Home for Jesus' sake and for love's sake ; but I am not sure but there may be those now who are ready for it. When the sunset hour of my life shall have come, I would rather have led twenty young Christians into a deeper knowledge of the truth, and have known them to be immovable in their loyalty to Jesus, and have guided the feet of twenty children and turned Godward their thoughts and affections, than have helped hundreds of young women through their months of trouble to send them out into the world with their babes in their arms like ships without a helm. The majority of the girls leave the Home professing faith in Christ as a personal Savior ; but how gladly would I put a hedge about many of these babes in Christ who choose, instead, to make a path for their own feet. Many a dutiful, Christian girl, with her babe in her arms, has called me "Mother;" but I have yet to discover my "Eleanor" of *The White Letter* although there is such a sweet peace and hope in my heart that I feel that I am soon to find her.

Last June the way seemed opened for me to have a change for a few weeks, and be entirely free from the care of the Home. For months Miss Roberts had been coming to the Home every afternoon to teach a class in English. When my vacation was talked of, she very kindly consented to take charge of the work during my absence. I went



with such a glad heart to my own dear ones in London, and to attend the graduating exercises of a niece whom I had known and greatly loved since the hour of her birth,—the only daughter of my twin sister. We were all happy together with God's brightest blessings upon the occasion. But our loved one's years of preparation had been for a higher ministry than that of this life. In spite of the greatest caution during her college years, and the tenderest care during her whole life, illness overtook her, and we saw with breaking hearts the probable result. In July I came back to Toronto, and God lovingly planned for me to return to London and, with her family, minister to our dear one until December tenth, when a tranquil and triumphant death and an abundant entrance closed the earthly life of one whose richly endowed intellect, loving nature, and pure spirit endeared her to all who knew her.

During those months Miss Roberts was unwearied in her watchfulness and care over my work, visiting the Home every day ; remaining in it at times if specially needed ; attending to all of my correspondence ; communicating with me regularly, sometimes daily ; attending to the finances, and—best of all—seeking to promote the spiritual life of the Home and keep up the interest in our public weekly gospel meeting. I am sure that such faithful ministry cannot fail of fruit and reward, and I could not have remained away had it not been for this kindness. To those in the Home, especially to Bessie, upon whom rested many burdens, the time seemed long. But she was brave and patient, and on my return I found her and others of my family circle ready for united efforts for one another and for Him who is to us the One altogether lovely.

Three little ones were born to our household during my absence ; but our kind friend, Miss Butterworth, a graduate of the Nursing-at-Home Mission, took charge for me

until the anxious hours were past. Surely as I look back over those months I can bless the name of Jehovah-Jireh.

Except shortly before my return the Prayer Circle did not hold its monthly meeting during my absence. But the way to the throne was still open, and prayer was offered as faithfully and as earnestly as ever, in that all-prevailing Name which spoken in faith must bring the blessing. I thank God for the Prayer Circle. They are his choice ; and though I do not tell them my needs, known to God alone, I have the assurance that they hold up my hands all the day long, and together we rejoice over victories won. And, apart from the Prayer Circle, in this audience and elsewhere are those who pray the prayer of faith in behalf of Redemption Home. God knows each one who prays. And He knows each one who gives. Not everyone who gives to the Home is known to the readers of the annual report ; perhaps not everyone who sacrifices for its general good. But all are known to God, and I have but to remind these faithful ones that they have given to the Lord Himself in giving to the least of his.

Once cried a watchman, starting from his post,  
"Little father, this is yours, you need it most,"  
And tearing off his hairy coat, he ran  
And wrapt it warm around a beggar man.  
That night the piling snows began to fall,  
And the good watchman died beside the wall,  
But waking in the better land that lies  
Beyond the reaches of these cooping skies,  
Behold, the Lord came out to greet him home,  
Wearing the coat he gave by Moscow's dome.  
And Ivan, by the old earth-memory stirred,  
Cried softly with a wonder in his word,  
"And where, dear Lord, found you this coat of mine,  
A thing unfit for glory such as thine ?"  
Then the Lord answered with a look of light,  
"This coat, my son, you gave to me last night."

What are the lessons God would have us learn from a leading so unexpected as that from July to December of last year ?

First, God's care of his own work. I have often had friends say to me, "Do take care of yourself. Whatever would become of the Home if anything should happen to you ?" Dear ones, it is the Lord's work, and He has shown us that He can care for it.

Again, in many ways the change prepared me for a better ministry in the Home. I had three months of outdoor life in one of the most beautiful spots in Ontario, with every comfort that grateful love could suggest. And though the five months and a half were not spent in idleness, since my return I have been free from the weariness and fatigue that I experienced for months before I went away.

I had time also to consider many things touching our life in the Home of which I had not time to think during my busy days in the work. In one of her letters, Miss Roberts said : "You can now look at the Home as one looks at a picture from a distance, and see much that you could not see at nearer vision." It was so; and may the future of our Home life and the enlarged mission work bear witness to the fact.

I can see God's wonderful love, also, in bringing me into fellowship in the Lord with the dear one He was so soon to take to Himself. I had known her as niece, student, daughter, and sister. I had known her too as a bright Christian since she was nine years of age. But the simplicity of her faith, her perfect trust and rest in Jesus, the unfolding and enlargement of her hope as she passed from girlhood into young womanhood were things concerning which, for the most part, she opened her heart to her mother only. But God gave us all to fellowship with her in the Lord Jesus that forever and forever companion-

ship in his presence may be one of the joys of the state of eternal blessedness.

And I learned, too, as never before, how completely death can be robbed of its sting. Blessed be God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ ! This is not a memorial service, but, O friends, since last we met I have seen Heaven's peace upon a face that had been turned toward all that is fairest and best in this life. I have heard, "Jesus is coming, I shall see Him first," from one soon to inhabit and adorn the place prepared for her ; with those dearest to me I have lived for days with unseen things so near and so real that when at last our flower was transplanted to the garden of God, and the promises of sustaining grace marvelously fulfilled to the remaining ones, I left all again, and came back to my work feeling that the half had never yet been told.

And here my thoughts go to another who is in the glory to-night. While we were in this meeting a year ago, Mr. Arthur Burson was lying ill. He was the leader of our Prayer Circle, and was unwearying in prayer and other ministries for the Home. He engaged the church for this meeting a year ago, and assisted in other ways until compelled to seek what proved to be his death-bed. Many of those who fellowshiped with him in the Lord were privileged to look into his face after it was touched with the light of the City of Gold, and to receive farewell messages that inspired us to more earnest endeavor for Jesus. Years ago, many who listen to me tonight were made sad by the news that one, a prince among his brethren in the Lord, had been ushered into the life beyond without a moment's warning. I could not mourn with the mourning ones, but could only exclaim, What must Heaven be to Alexander Grant ! And tonight those who knew him best will exclaim, What must Heaven be to Arthur Burson !



During the past year three members of our Prayer Circle were invited, for a little time, into the presence of the king and queen of the great kingdom to which we as British subjects are justly loyal. It was something to be spoken of. But oh ! another of our number has been invited into the presence of the King of Kings, to remain there forever, to be a partner of his Throne, having overcome by the blood of the Lamb.

Still another whose memory is fragrant to many in this audience has entered into rest since last we met,—the lost woman's friend, Mrs. Lorena Bellamy, late Bible woman and Superintendent of the Home for Girls in connection with the Prisoner's Aid Association, now known as the Bellamy Memorial Home. I can see her happy face tonight as she listened to the reading of my first annual report, and many a talk we had together of the wonderful inheritance of God's people ; and I can but exclaim, What must Heaven be to Mrs. Bellamy ! Jesus Himself at last ! And there are many in this audience who have parted with dear ones since last we met. But look up, beloved ones, look up ! Jesus is coming. The dead in Christ shall rise first, and together with them shall we meet the Lord and be with Him forever. Death cannot separate those who are one in Jesus.

Our Bible Schools are the result of many quiet hours spent with God during the summer. It was in the quiet of my sacred tent home sitting with the one who is now in the Presence of the Word that was made flesh and dwelt among us that God spoke to me about the Bible School. It was a good time to hear his voice, and there and then was born one of the strongest desires of my life,—a desire to teach that holy Word and to do all in my power to extend the knowledge of its truths. Then I inquired of God regarding an associate in this department of the work.

Upon my return to Toronto I found that He had been preparing Miss E. E. Pentland, who had eighteen years' experience as a teacher of public schools. After much waiting and much praying, God led her to me just as I was looking around for her. Miss Pentland lives in the Home, and teaches nineteen Bible Classes each week, besides giving Thursday afternoons to house-to-house visitation.

At this time Mrs. Craig and Miss Roberts became members of the Prayer Circle.

God has graciously linked us to many heathen countries by visits from returned missionaries, but especially by that most precious blood shed for the redemption of all the world. Our Society was organized on Sunday, October nineteenth, 1902, at our dinner table. How much more might we have done had all lives been fully surrendered to Jesus, and had faith found the depth of the meaning of God's work to us when He says, "Concerning the work of my hands command ye me !" But we are asking to be more widely used all the time, and we bring our offerings, be they large or small.

For the Bible Schools, public meetings, and missionary activities of the Home, I am truly thankful to God. Not only do they furnish green pastures for my own feet, but they give wonderful opportunity for the growth and development of the young Christian life in the Home. Especially tonight would I praise Him for the Bible Schools, and from this time the work will be known as Redemption Home and Bible Schools.

Dear ones in the Lord, pardon, I beseech you, a personal reference ; and do not sit in judgment on me as I speak to you out of the fulness of my heart. I have known something of books ; have experienced the joy of leaving study hall and library with the satisfaction of knowing that I knew more than I had known the hour before. But as I

look back, I realize that I knew nothing of the joy of knowing until God, by his Spirit, began to open up to me his own holy Word. For years I delighted in the poets of all ages. The music of their numbers, the imagery of their creations made the then mind-world a paradise. Even midnight hours were all too short as I pored over their rhythmic measures. But their measures have lost their charm ; for the poetry, the imagery of the productions of God Himself, by his Holy Spirit, have found their way into a hungry mind and have satisfied it with fulness. In music, I revered the masters. The walls of my rooms were hung with portraits of Beethoven, Handel, Schubert, Schumann, and others, and their soulful melodies and rich harmonies were my meat and my drink. But the portraits are no longer on my walls. I have seen Jesus. And the music, although the best that earth can give, belongs to the past. For his statutes have become my songs in the house of my pilgrimage ; and, by faith, my ear has caught the harmonies of Heaven. I have studied psychology and philosophy, and have thought that I knew something of the woman who is called by my name, and of the millions of men and women in the world. But I have looked into God's Word until I see myself a lost, hell-deserving sinner, saved by sovereign grace ; and in that Holy Word I see, apart from Jesus Christ, the whole world guilty before God. I have studied the tragedies of Shakespeare and Goethe. But their power is broken. They lie apart and unthought-of. For—and may my lips be clean as I speak it—I have bowed before and wept before the awful tragedy of the Cross. That is why I am here tonight.

And now of what I have written, what is the sum ? A year in which God has supplied all our need according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus. A year in which He has shown in an especial way that the work is his. A year in

which God has promised me that He will again enlarge the work to the glory of his name. A year in which He has answered prayer in sending to me a Bible woman and in extending the general mission work. A year which has proved the steadfastness of old friends and which has raised up new. A year in which souls have been born into the kingdom. A year in which sorrow has been sanctified, and in which has been given a revelation of things which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, but which God reveals by his Spirit. A year in which faith has been strengthened and the joy that is unspeakable been a definite and a sacred experience. Such has been the past year. And so tonight, with all my powers of body, soul, and spirit would I praise our God, and Jesus Christ, our only Saviour, through whose name have all these blessings come. Jesus, blessed Jesus ! And with the mention of that dear name is awakened the desire that the coming year may be lived more to his glory. And so we begin it with one purpose, service ; with one motive,—love ; with one hope,—to meet Him in the air ; with one chart,—the Word of God ; with one passport,—the blood ; with one Saviour and Lord,—Jesus, the Christ of God. And thus may it ever be until shadow has been changed for substance, and all eternity be a rainbow without a cloud.



## YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND FOREVER

SEVENTH ANNUAL MESSAGE. APRIL TWENTY-NINTH, 1907

**S**EVEN summers, with the length of seven winters, and tonight I say, Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

At the close of my first seven months of trusting the Lord I said to a gathering of Christian friends, If the Lord can care for me for seven months in answer to prayer, He can care for me for seven years ; and tonight it is my privilege to bear testimony to the love of a covenant-keeping God whose faithfulness I have now proved for seven years.

In September, 1899, God said to me, "The Lord thy God He it is that doth go with thee. He will not fail thee nor forsake thee ;" and in that hour was given a vision of future days of walking with Him, when with a joy which I had never known before, I would draw water out of the wells of salvation ; when because there would not be voices enough in all the world to praise Him, the very stones would cry out with hallelujahs ; a vision of days when earth-songs would grow fainter and die among the hills of memory, and the new, new song would burst upon my ear with all the richness and concord of its harmonies ; a vision of days when toil would be rest, when to anticipate would be to possess ; for He calleth things that are not as though they are ; when to ask would be to receive ; for all things whatsoever ye pray and ask for believe that ye have received them and ye shall have them.

Tonight I wish to emphasize the truth that a life of faith is not a life of chance, not a life of good fortune. God

cares for every child in his blood-bought family. The steps of every good man are ordered by the Lord. But God has his own way of dealing with those who look to Him and Him only for the supply of all their need, to the glory of his most holy name. Often He chooses the weakest of his children, the most unworthy of his followers in his call to a life of faith that the excellency may all be of Him, and that no flesh should glory.

Many questions are asked by friends who do not fully understand God's dealings with those who trust Him in this way. Why not make your needs known? Why not? Because there was a day when I committed to God the support of myself and as large a family as He would give me. He promised to supply all my need, and gave me tokens of his favor that sealed the bargain. A covenant was made between God and his chosen vessel of clay. The pledge was signed with a pen dipped in the precious blood that flowed on Calvary. It was sealed by the Holy Spirit Who communicated the truth to my soul, and Who keeps alive a blessed realization of that truth. It was filed in the courts above. And when all was finished, the deed was put into my hand that no one might rob me of my possessions. Man may think that he has wrested from me the document that represents the untold wealth of my Father in heaven, but his efforts are futile; for, O God of truth, Thy word have I hid in my heart. The Word of God! Ah! there's the secret of all that Redemption Home stands for today, with its growth from a beginning with one dollar and an empty house to two well-furnished houses, a mission room for Bible classes and for public meetings, its activities in outside Christian work at home, and its fellowship in the furtherance of the gospel in heathen lands. Yes, this is the secret, that God will not suffer his faithfulness to fail, nor alter the thing that has gone out

of his lips. If I did not believe that every page of the Book which we call the Bible is the ever-living Word of our ever-living God, I would close the doors of Redemption Home tonight. Earthly friends may be noble and kind, and yet under stress of hard conditions may slip from under the touch of our hand just when we most need them. But oh ! if God should fail in one word ! If tonight I had to open my book and cut out one page, or one Scripture on any page, then to me every light of this life, and of the life to come would be blown out. There hath not failed one word of all His promises. I believe God !

There are those who think that the Home is supported by one of the denominations of the Christian Church. It is not. God speaks to those of all denominations and of no denomination, and they give to the Lord's work entrusted to my hands as the Holy Spirit may prompt. Others think that there is a Board which is responsible for our support. This is not so. There is a Prayer Circle—to which has been added Mr. Wm. Crombie—of loving and faithful ones whom God has greatly used in this work ; but they are never made acquainted with the needs of our household. Others, still, think that the many kind friends whom God has graciously given me interest themselves in the work, and at certain intervals contribute generously ; and so amongst them all we are provided for. But this is not so. Many of my personal friends do take a lively interest in the work, but in a considerably larger number of cases those who contribute are friends in the Lord Jesus whom God has raised up for this purpose. The Lord teaches me not to look to anyone for supplies. Sometimes I forget. In December, 1896, I needed money ; and, as it was near Christmas time, I thought, 'There is this one and that one ; it is time they sent something. But while I watched and waited in vain, the Lord was working, and a cheque for

nearly sixty dollars was on its way from Rome, Italy. In November, also, God taught me a similar lesson. I needed money and began to look on a certain day for the postman to bring me a cheque. When the last mail had come, my heart was heavy. I found it a little hard to wait until the next day at mail time. But the postman had not long been out of sight when a gentleman called at the door and left me a cheque for forty dollars.

Contributions have been received from different provinces in Canada, from different states in the Union, from England, Ireland, Italy, Central America, South America, and India. And the circle is ever-widening. Oh, no ! It is not by chance, not by good fortune that the work is carried on ; not by solicitation, not by collection, praiseworthy as these methods may be. It is God alone who carries on the work, giving when wise to give, withholding when wise to withhold ; and this He does by the Holy Spirit operating on the hearts of his people in answer to the prayer of faith offered in the blessed, all-prevailing name of Jesus that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

One of the most certain evidences of God's favor toward the work is the large number of friends whom He has raised up for us. The contrast between now and seven years ago is a marked one. I remember days and nights spent alone in an almost empty house, while the sound of my footsteps echoed from room to room as the night closed about me. I remember with what a sinking heart I stepped out upon the street conscious of the bitter word spoken by neighbors who watched me from behind their half-drawn curtains. I remember the vain efforts made to persuade my fearless landlord to close his doors to one who had dared to open such a home on a respectable street ! I remember much more that was not easy. But today, not only are new friends being raised up continually, but the



old ones are still proving themselves true ; and the path that might have been too rough for my feet, had it not been for the God-given few who most closely touched my life, has been cleared of most of its stones and thorns.

It would require more time than I have tonight in which to tell of all God's dealings with us during the past year. It has been a year of wonderful deliverances with lessons learned at his feet and with praises ascending to God early and late. A few experiences in testings and deliverances may be recorded.

There was considerable testing in May and June of last year ; but we were learning precious lessons. We were well supplied with Christie's biscuits, and the little girl who was on the cooking had a grand opportunity to display any special gift she might have for making much out of little. Our fare was plain and monotonous for many days. Only one girl murmured, and it was not long before the Lord removed her. At that time in our foreign mission literature we were reading of the awful famine in India ; with hearts sore for the suffering and dying, while our own bodies were well-nourished, we bowed our heads in thanksgiving and partook of our biscuits and water.

On June eighth a Home Convention was called. All in the house were present ; and so mightily was the Spirit of God felt in our midst that I wrote in my diary, 'The beginning of days. There was confession of sin and pleading the promises of God for spiritual blessing and the supply of temporal need. It was the first prolonged testing through which Miss Pentland had passed since her coming to us in January, 1906 ; and I shall never forget her prayer as she thanked God for the honor of being so noticed by Him as to be thus tested that we might be taught more of his holiness and of his faithfulness. At the close of our morning session we sat down to a dinner of bread and gravy, and enjoyed it.

On June twelfth God spoke again to "Peter Hincks," and our kind farmer friend, as many times before, drove up to the Home to find our larder and Treasury empty, and began to unload the good things in abundance. We gathered together and sang with rejoicing our Home hymn :

The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,  
From them let us learn to trust for our bread.  
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,  
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

And so from day to day God cared for us. But the testing was long, and the Evil One thought it a good time to oppress me.

On June thirteenth everything was a burden, and every burden was a heavy one. The next morning I arose early for a blessing. The Holy Spirit directed me to portions of God's Word where I read of the all-power of Jesus ; and from that phrase I received a fresh consciousness of Jesus ; the Christ of God, the all-victorious One dwelling in me ; and with that vision of Jesus my burdens were lifted, and my strength returned. At that time a dear girl in the Home was very ill. I took her case to the Lord that morning, and I heard the note of victory as I read of Jesus healing Peter's wife's mother. It was on June fourteenth. I did not feel led to pray with the girl for her recovery for fear of agitating her mind regarding her condition. But on July third, when the illness had been prolonged, and was increasing rather than subsiding, I closed the door of her room and asked her if she would like to join me in putting her case before the Lord. She said she would. We both prayed, and great peace came upon us. That night her fever left her and did not return.

Although our Treasury was empty for a longer time than usual during the summer of 1906, we were never

hungry. On one day in June our food had been exceedingly plain and not too plentiful, and though the spiritual feasts were so great that Miss Pentland and I really enjoyed the testing, I feared that the girls might secretly wish for more, and I asked the Lord for a good tea for them. Before six o'clock a returned missionary from India called and gave me two dollars. On July eleventh during a testing we had one of the most inspiring praise services ever held in the Home, and we learned the meaning of, I will bless thy bread and thy water. I had always thought that God's promise is that the bread and the water will not fail ; but I learned the depth of the meaning of the words in July last when for more than one day our food was bread broken in water with salt ; and there was not one feeble folk among us. Every one was strong in body as well as stout in heart. Upon every face was a smile, and in every heart was a song ; and thus in a miraculous way God blessed our bread and water.

One evening we retired with nothing in the house for breakfast. In the morning we gathered for our seven o'clock prayer meeting, and had a good time. Then each went to her own work without breaking her fast. A little later, however, I sent out a call for special prayer, and when our united petitions had reached the Throne, before we had time to be really hungry, the Lord sent me ten dollars. At another time we were on our knees praying for food when the telephone rang, and a friend informed me that he was about to send a donation of food to us if acceptable.

Last summer I ministered during a night to a suffering child of God. When I left the Home to go to her, there was not a cent in the house. As I was leaving to return, the kind friends, although not rich in this world's goods, offered me a generous remuneration. I had a vision of

our empty Treasury, and of needs to be met during the day which had just begun ; but I could not accept the return for service, believing God to be my portion and my inheritance.

When I reached home, before I had time to remove my hat, the Lord sent me fifteen dollars.

Early in November I had a precious answer to prayer. I was asking God for fuel. While I was praying, a dear child of God was greatly desiring to send us something, but had nothing to spare. But while I was praying, and she was desiring, God troubled the conscience of a man who sixteen years before had stolen five dollars from this lady's husband. He returned the money to the owner, and the amount was passed on to me, in answer to the prayer of my friend's heart and to the prayer of my lips ; and we had our coal.

Each year I rehearse a few answers to prayer, but every day in every year brings some token of God's love and proves his faithfulness. For the most part we live from day to day, seeing no provision even for the near future but in the promises of God.

Except in testing times—which are as necessary to faith as the fiery furnace is to gold—the Lord gives us as good food and as comfortable clothing as will be found in the average Christian home. We do not ask for luxuries, but we do ask for, and receive, all that our bodies need.

The winter of this year was a long, cold one, but we were never without coal. God gave me more faith to trust Him along this line than before. During those bitterly cold days in December our coal was gone and our Treasury was empty. I could not feel that God wanted us to suffer ; so I ordered a ton of coal without the money to pay for it. I waited for two or three days, and nothing came. Then I went to the Lord again about it, and asked Him for a token



of his love. Had I done wrong ? His Word is, Owe no man anything. Immediately God sent me ten dollars. This gave me a new thought of his love and tenderness. He did not want us to suffer. Since then I have never allowed our fires to go out ; for He is the same yesterday, today, and forever. The next time our coal bins were empty I ordered coal at once. It was on Saturday, and on Sunday afternoon a lady called, leaving me ten dollars. The next time we needed coal I did the same thing, feeling that God was calling me to trust Him ; for how could I know that He would not send the money before the coal was delivered ? When the coal came, however, the Treasury was still empty, and I said, "I will call the first of the week and pay this." The first mail on Monday brought me a cheque that more than covered the amount. And so again I proved God's tenderness as well as his faithfulness. The cold weather continued, and again word was brought me that the furnace coal was all gone. I had no money, but I told our Father in Heaven about it and telephoned for a ton of coal. This time fifteen minutes before the coal was delivered I had in my hand the amount required for it. And so the long, severe winter has gone, the time of the singing of birds has come, and we have never been cold.

April fifteenth of this year was a glad, praiseful day because of a twofold answer to prayer. It was the last day of grace for paying the gas bill, and I needed yet three dollars to complete the amount. Then about nine o'clock the milkman rang the door bell, and our Treasury was empty. When one of our number answered the milkman's ring, she showed into the waiting room a dear young lady who asked to see me. Going down, I was obliged to explain to the milkman that he would have to take the milk away. "Oh, no, no," he said, it did not matter about

the money just then. Then I asked him if he knew the Lord, and he replied, "Not yet." So I said, We will do this : I will keep the milk, and if the Lord sends the money today I will know that it is all right ; if not, I shall know that it is not his mind for me to do this. At this moment the young lady joined us with a smile like morning sunlight, and pressing my hand, she left in it ten dollars. The milkman saw and believed ; we had our milk, the Gas Company had its money, and the Lord accepted our songs of praise.

Following all this outpouring of blessing came another testing. For two days in November we praised God and rejoiced with a board of biscuits, bread, water, and apples. On the third day the testing reached its climax when we sat down to a dinner of uncooked apples and water, but every head was bowed reverently as we sang :

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,  
But most of all for Jesus' blood,  
May manna to our souls be given,  
The bread of life sent down from heaven.

The conversation was bright and praiseful, and we were happy. Towards evening we began to feel that we would enjoy our regular diet again, and the Lord sent us meat. I asked God for bread ; for I did not feel that He would send us meat and no bread. At six o'clock bread and butter and cake arrived. I believed then that that testing was over. And it was. Almost immediately after our good meal one of the girls called to me, "Oh, Mother, here is a bird." I went to the kitchen and found a panting bird flying around and lighting upon the door of our cupboard. When it had settled down to sleep, our front door bell rang, and we found that a good man had brought to us all the way from Toronto Junction actually a wagon load

of groceries, ten dollars' worth of all kinds of provisions. We almost shouted in praise and thanksgiving.

While the little bird was trying to find rest on our kitchen cupboard door, this friend was driving up and down Augusta Avenue, enquiring for Redemption Home. The next morning I caught the bird, and while I held it in my hand, the girls gathered around me and we gave it its breakfast and our love. Then I opened the door, and it flew away to its own home.

From year to year the Lord reveals more clearly to me, as I am able to receive it, his purpose in the work upon which in infinite love He has set his seal. When I am asked to state the object of the work, the answer is: To receive into the Home erring young women, to lead them to Christ, to train them to be good mothers and capable women, and to teach them the whole Word of God ; to teach the Word of God to, and to provide means of grace for, as many persons as possible not living in the Home, and to carry on other branches of Christian work.

We rise at half-past six, and all in the house, including the babies, meet in the Mission Room at seven o'clock. We sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and kneel in silent prayer. Then two or three in turn retire to finish preparing the breakfast, and to care for the children ; the others remaining for the seven o'clock prayer-meeting and to receive a message from the Word and to sing praises to God. After breakfast the work of the day begins, and if the dear ones who sometimes ask me how I manage to keep the girls employed would spend one week in the Home, they would soon find an answer to their question. It takes three girls on Mondays and Tuesdays, and three others on Thursdays and Fridays to do our laundry work ; and sometimes I have to send them reinforcements before the day is over. To properly do our cooking, sweeping,

dusting, cleaning, and all the odds and ends of efficient house-keeping, and properly care for the children, takes six girls daily, besides the three in the laundry. Then there is the sewing ; clothing to be made for the household ; bedding and other household articles to be made or repaired ; and the innumerable stitches in time that save nine to be taken as need arises. In the winter there is the care of two furnaces and two ranges ; and our girls are not Samsons. The day's work as I outline it each morning closes at five o'clock, when recreation hour is supposed to begin. But the babes must all be bathed and put in their beds by six o'clock ; and on the free evenings when, after tea, I say, Now, girls, you have this evening to yourselves, the answer is, "No, Mother, there is all this sewing to be done ;" and the machine is wheeled out under the gas-light, and the sewing bee begins to hum. Perhaps one or two will go to their beds tired ; another will read aloud if the machine rests, another write a letter ; and so the time goes until the retiring bell is rung at half-past nine.

The most important work done in the Home is for those who remain the full year. Of these there are two classes, the unsaved, concerning whom we give ourselves no rest until they are in Christ, and the Christian young women, who, sorrowing for sin, are thankful for the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The aid given the transient ones must not be overlooked. During the seven years, one hundred and thirty-four women and girls have lived under our roof, and between seventy and eighty babes ; and before the new arrangements were made for our maternity work, forty-eight children were born in the Home.

Wednesday of each week is Missionary Day. The work of the Home for that day is made as light as possible and is done with eager haste. About half-past ten we all gather in the sewing-room, and the day is lived for missions.



At our afternoon service missionary literature is read, missionary hymns are sung, and missionary prayers are offered, especially for those in far-off lands with whom God has permitted us to have fellowship in the furtherance of the gospel. The work of the day is to make garments, quilts, and floor mats to cheer the homes of the stranger within our gates in our Canadian Northwest. We all like Missionary Day. Miss Pentland insists that she cannot work and talk too. Well, I can ; and most of the girls "take after their mother" in that respect. However, we have many silent, serious, sacred moments on Missionary Day ; and the work is done, and we all go to our beds happy.

Looking back over the seven years I can but declare, What hath God wrought ! And yet I feel that even during the year that closes with this week, and which has been the best of all the seven, we have but touched the shore of the ocean of his love and power. The work is growing to be many-sided, and God is able to make all grace abound unto us, that we having always all sufficiency in everything, may abound unto every good work. This report falls into the hands of those who are, and have been, in the Home, and I do not write as freely as I otherwise would. But my hope for the highest spiritual development of many of our Christian girls is large indeed. There are discouragements, but never have I had so much reason to hope that God will yet use some of our girls to his glory as I have today. And if our Lord tarry until the children have grown to young womanhood and young manhood, I believe that from many of their lips will sound out the Word of Life. I ask this of God for Jesus' sake, and I am joined in this prayer earnestly and hopefully by the members of our Prayer Circle. While writing this message I received a letter from the mother of the first babe born in Redemption Home, telling me of most remarkable

answers to the prayer of faith offered from the heart and lips of that little child.

Already I have seen the scattered fragments of many a life woven together ; already I have seen many broken hearts healed and many souls saved ; and the work has only begun. Sixteen of my girls have married and gone to homes of their own. To some of these mothers God has given other children, and fireside light and fireside love glow warmly for hearts that once knew but desolation and bitterness.

Dear ones in our blessed Lord, you have listened patiently and prayerfully while I have told somewhat of God's faithfulness to us during the past year. Answers to prayer have been given not because prayers have been offered not because they have been offered in faith. All this could fail were it possible for God ever in any way to break his word with those who trust Him. The foundation of the whole structure is the faithfulness of God.

And you have listened patiently as I have recounted the steps by which God led us to our present home, and have told you something of our daily life in the Home. I cannot tell you all. There are blessed and holy experiences through which, as a household, we pass into which no one can enter who is not of our number,—sacred hours when in spite of all differences the Holy Ghost broods over us to make us conscious of our union in Jesus ; moments when smiles or tears mingle, when hearts swell with a common joy, and when the sunlight of the blessed hope bursts upon us gilding our life with an ever-enhancing glory. No ! No ! I cannot tell it all ; but when Jesus comes, and together our family circle meet Him in the air to be with Him forever, perhaps we shall recognize in heaven's music some notes that were heard in our hearts in our loved Home on Augusta Avenue.

You have listened patiently and prayerfully, but it may be that you have missed the sound of that name that is above every name,—the blessed, all-prevailing name of Jesus. And I have purposely left this paragraph until the last ; for it is the mind of God that in all things Jesus should have the pre-eminence. Then in the few moments left us tonight, I ask you to look at Jesus. If He is the theme of the praise of all the redeemed when the eternal glory bursts upon them, could there be any nobler, sweeter, grander theme for our meditation tonight ? Jesus, the Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace ; by whom God made the worlds, and who, being in the bosom of the Father hath declared Him to us ; Jesus, the one and only Saviour of a lost world ; the One who died, and the only One who could make a way for us back to God. Were it not that by his death on the cross He made atonement for sin there would be no meeting like this, there would be no building like this ; but those who speak tonight and those who listen would be dying under the curse of a broken law. Then let your ears be attent and your hearts respondent to the mention of the name that is above every name,—Jesus, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world ; Who was sent that we could know and love and worship the only true and living God, Jehovah most high, most holy. I have said that the faithfulness of God is the foundation of the whole structure. But, O friends ; what plea can a guilty and already condemned sinner make to the faithfulness of a just and holy God ? Only this,—to be shut out for ever from his presence. A so-called trust in God, apart from the merits of Jesus Christ, the new and living way is only ignorant or wilful presumption. No man cometh unto the Father but by the Son. Wonderful, wonderful provision for a lost world ! Wonderful, wonderful, provision for the

family of God to be led by the Lord Jesus into the presence of the Father of light and love ! Then come boldly, O sinner ! Come boldly, O saint ! God cannot deny his Son.

The love in my heart for the unfortunate mother and for the helpless babe is the love of Jesus ; for in me there is no good thing. The love that guides Miss Pentland's feet from door to door is the love of Jesus ; for her zeal is the zeal of Jesus. The love and the grace of God that draw the poor lost sinner to Himself and manifest in Jesus, the seeking Saviour. The power to make clean and keep clean the restored and penitent one is the power in the blood of Jesus. The love all other love excelling, the peace that cannot be expressed, the joy that knows no bounds, the fall of light from the Glory Land all come to us through Jesus only. What more can I say ? Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain to receive the power and riches and wisdom and might and honor and glory and blessing.



## ON RESURRECTION GROUND

EIGHTH ANNUAL MESSAGE.    MAY FOURTH, 1908

Lo ! the winter is past,  
The rain is over and gone,  
The flowers appear on the earth,  
The time of the singing of birds is come.

O stammering tongue, unloose thyself !  
O feeble voice, sing out, sing out !  
O dull, dead heart, awake ! awake !

The God of the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night has guided us through another year. The Shepherd of Israel has given ear to our cry. The manna has fallen, the tents have been folded and unfolded, and the march has been continued while the Shekinah glory has shone forth.

God's people have said to me, "I have often wondered how you are faring during this hard winter." So I take it that those present will be glad to hear, first, of our welfare during the winter months when want and distress were all about us. During no winter since the inception of the work has God so marvelously fed us, and clothed us, and altogether cared for us as during the winter that has just passed. The cry of want has been heard from all over this sad world. Capitalists have closed their hearts and locked their safes. Business men have turned pale and made their signatures with trembling hands. Laboring men have bowed their heads upon an unfurnished board and have suffered in silence with wife and children. The

air has been heavy with woeful cries ; but from day to day there have been heard in our Home the heart-felt strains of

Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Until this winter there has always been an occasional testing in food, a few hours of waiting now and then that we might give ourselves to heart examination and to praise and united prayer. Then God would open his hand and give. But last winter it was not so. God called me to wait upon Him with considerable patience for the rent. The larger sums of money came in more slowly than usual. But from day to day, from meal to meal, God fed us, often as miraculously as He fed Elijah by the ravens. We are on holy ground. It is not for us to question too closely the "why" of God's dealings with us. While we have been brought into the holy place by that blessed, adorable One in whose face we have seen the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, yet God is not bound to communicate to us the needs-be of his plans and purposes. And yet I cannot help feeling that this unprecedented experience was vouchsafed that my lips could speak this testimony tonight. For many of God's dear children were fearful during the winter lest we should be hungry.

Tonight I would like to refer to answers to prayer offered during testings which were sent us earlier in the year. So I shall not recount separately God's blessings through the winter months. Our supplies came in various ways. Sometimes food was sent. Sometimes smaller amounts of money came just in time for a necessary use. I remember that one evening a gentleman called carrying a letter ready to be mailed to us. As he was about to

mail it, the Spirit of God prompted him to bring the letter. It was nine o'clock at night. We had had our usual evening meal ; but there was an empty Treasury and a need for the morning. The letter contained five dollars.

Again and again night closed about us through the winter months and found us without provision for breakfast ; but God sent either food or its equivalent in money before our lights were turned out.

One Saturday night we had no food for Sunday. At the close of a season of prayer one of the girls found that an envelope containing sufficient to cover all our needs had been thrown into our hall.

One evening we had been praying for bread for tea. Everything else was provided and was ready ; but there was no bread. Then the Lord reminded me that a dear one of our household who was in the hospital at that time had said, "Mother, if you need anything, remember my quarter." The quarter bought our bread, and before we retired the Lord sent a larger amount sufficient for the next day. On the day following, our Treasury was empty ; but the Lord directed to us our dear farmer friend, the "Peter Hinks" of *The White Letter*. We were ready for him, as we always are when he comes ; for he prays for us. And when he had emptied the bags and barrels of good things into our cellar, we gathered in a circle and sang,

Standing on the promises of Christ my King,  
Thro' eternal ages let His praises ring,  
Glory in the highest I will shout and sing,  
Standing on the promises of God.

Large blessings often come through small gifts. If there were any especially good days during the winter, a Saturday in February was one of them. We had had a blessed season praying for food. In about an hour the

Lord sent us a quantity of the choicest cooked meats, bread, butter, and cake, and one dollar and fifty cents in cash. We did have such a happy thanksgiving service that day. Then I remembered that a pair of boots were being half-soled, and that I needed change for milk. So I hurried upstairs and joyfully reminded the Lord. Almost immediately an unknown friend left at our door two dollars and fifty cents. It came just in time.

And so the winter passed, and without one exception, God provided promptly for every need. There was constant looking to Him, and I trust constant thanksgiving ; but to the praise of his name it pleased Him to thus deal with us. And no one knew when our Treasury and larder were empty but the Lord our God. Indeed they were always empty and yet always full.

Touching the matter of walking alone with God in the life of faith, I think I must mention that later in the winter a dear child of God whose friendship is very precious to me called and gave me a dollar. She was not emphatic as to the particular use to which the dollar should be put, but she would have liked it to be used on myself. I told her that perhaps God intended me to lend it to Him as it was noon and as He had not yet sent our dinner. The dollar and the visit both brought us blessing. Then through friends who learned of this God sent us a larger blessing. It was a loving ministry, but God had even a more tender thought of me ; before those who feared that we would be in need could act the love in their hearts, God provided promptly for us through another source, thus removing the temptation to me to trust to an arm of flesh. If our Father had blessed us at that time only through those who had learned that our Treasury was empty, there would have been one day to which sometime I might have looked back and said, Well, yes, there was one time that God



might have failed had it not been that my friends knew. But while God blessed the ministry of his children He spoke to me that my eyes might ever be upon Him only.

But there may be those here who are more interested in the deliverance that follows a testing than in the deliverance that precludes such an experience. And here we must remind ourselves that God says that faith which is more precious than gold which perisheth must be tried. How can faith grow if it is never exercised? And how can faith be exercised if there is nothing to believe for? And this is true in every life. Think not, O child of God, that because your bank account does not fail you are not called to trust Him. If God is not dealing with you in some way to purge, to purify, to prepare you for the more excellent glory, let your prayer be, "Pass me not, O gracious Father." Have you set sail on the ocean of his infinite love? Then meet the winds and the waves rejoicingly.

Large ships are wrecked if waters shallow be :  
Great ships sail only on the deep, deep sea.

Then covet the chastening of the chosen.

The past year has been a year spent on resurrection ground, and yet not a year without burdens. Mountain heights are reached by rugged ways. And so there have been difficulties to meet, trials to bear, perhaps more than during previous years.

I remember one day in particular when the pressure seemed to come from every side. The most unexpected burdens were thrust upon me, and I said to myself, The way seems to be getting very rough. But a voice replied, "Is it rougher than the way that He trod? Is it rougher than the way the martyrs trod?" And then to the eye of faith was given a vision of our blessed Lord presenting his nail-pierced hands. It was enough. And to God's

F.G. 5.

dear people who may be passing through trials let me repeat that mountain heights are reached by rugged ways.

But to the brighter side ! Our most joyful hours are those which, for want of a better word, we call "a testing." On May eighteenth of last year our Treasury and larder were empty. I must have had unusually heavy work ; for I find in my diary : Too tired to pray ; just resting upon His promises. And the Lord sent choice food sufficient for all. On the morning of the twenty-sixth we gathered for confession of sin, known and unknown. And as God heard, He gave us the radiance of the light of his countenance. Then we reminded Him of our empty Treasury and of our absolute dependence upon Him. The first mail brought us forty dollars.

On May twenty-fourth we had a real old-fashioned testing. After our seven o'clock prayer-meeting we went to our duties praising God and looking to Him for our breakfast. We had no milk. At ten o'clock a cereal was prepared, and just as it was nicely cooked the Lord sent milk to our door and cream on it, too. We broke our fast with quiet joy and thanksgiving. At three o'clock we had a light lunch, and then our games. Miss Pentland and I always join the girls in their recreation on holidays, and on that day we had an afternoon of innocent merriment followed by earnest prayer for our evening meeting. We had no evening meal, but every heart was full of blessing ; and there was not one feeble one among us. The meeting seemed better than usual, and while we joined in the praises of God in our mission room, He sent us two dollars. At the close of the meeting we gave thanks rejoicingly, and two of the older girls went out to buy our supper ; and behold ! every store was closed. The girls returned with their money in their sacks, but without the corn. However, we were not hungry ; our hearts were too full of

blessing. The younger girls retired, but the older ones waited about ; and at ten o'clock the Lord sent us baskets of the choicest food. We praised, and praised, and praised. Then we ate of our manna from heaven and afterwards slept under the watchful eye of Him who slumbers not nor sleeps.

Opposite date after date in my diary I find notes like this : Prayed earnestly for a token of love. Received ten dollars at noon. Asked God for five dollars to finish paying a bill. Received ten dollars.

October fifteenth was the last day of grace for paying the gas bill, and our Treasury was empty. But the dear Lord wanted me to rest well ; so the night before He sent me ten dollars.

March thirteenth was one of many days of blessing. Indeed, all the days are days of blessing ; for, even when it pleases our heavenly Father to withhold for a time the answer to prayer, He never forgets to give us daily tokens of his love and favor. On March thirtieth our Treasury was empty, and we were praying for a necessary gift from God's hand. A girl lately come among us said, "I would like to go down town for my money and give it today." She had thirteen dollars in a bank. I had a feeling that she was not altogether willing to wait God's time, and knew that for her to learn the mind of the Lord was worth more than thirteen dollars. So I said, Go to your room, and I will go to mine ; and we will ask God to supply our need by two o'clock if He is not asking you for your money. We did as agreed. Sometime after dinner I was going down stairs to see one of the Lord's children who had just called and being reminded that it was two o'clock, I replied, If the Lord has sent us nothing by the hand of this lady you may go right down for your money. But the Lord had sent ten dollars,—more than enough. I explained to the

dear girl that God would ask her for her thirteen dollars some day, but not that day.

Another blessing came to us on March thirtieth. In 1905 a friend kindly placed in our mission room an excellent piano to be used during his two years' stay abroad. And shortly after receiving word, this spring, of his probable return to Toronto, a piano was given us to be our own. The Lord sent it on March thirtieth.

Before closing this section of my report I must refer to one more testing in food and a gracious deliverance. On October eighteenth we were sitting around an unfurnished board, late in the afternoon, praising God and waiting for Him to send us our first meal that day. I think it was the longest absolute fast that we have ever had in the Home. The hours were beginning to move a little slowly, but while there together in sweet fellowship the Lord sent us five dollars.

Our testings in food ended there, on October eighteenth. God looked down through the hard winter days to follow, and saw the ways of men, and said, "I will remember my covenant."

We give thanks to God for saving the life of a fifteen-year-old mother when from a human point of view there was scarcely a ray of hope. Our senior physician was absent, but his son, who has always cared for us during his father's absence, could not have ministered more constantly or more skilfully for a life had it been the most useful in the land.

I feel that I have utterly failed to give our friends any true thought of the faithfulness of God to his promises, not only in supplying food and fuel, but in answering prayer for other gifts from his hand. During previous years there would be a day of waiting upon God for the daily supply, and then perhaps several days with something tangible in



the Treasury to draw from. Not so during the months past. It has been a constant walk by faith in every particular, and I would keep this meeting until morning were I to tell how He who notes the sparrow's fall has kept watch over us. I spent Good Friday out of the city. While away a dear one put into my hand on Saturday afternoon a contribution for the work. And I said, 'This is for tomorrow's food. When I reached home at half-past ten, one of the older girls was sitting up waiting for the Lord to send something for Sunday. And the stores were open. On the evening of April twenty-sixth, after a day of material and spiritual blessing, I found that we had only bread and water for our Sunday food, and not enough bread. I was working at my desk, and the girls were working in the sewing-room ; but we kept on praying. At ten o'clock I went out with a budget of mail, and on my return the dear girl who answers the door said to me, "I made up my mind not to go to bed tonight until the Lord sent something." And she placed in my hand two dollars. And if the young lady who left that money is in the meeting tonight I would have her know that God speaks to her as well as to "Peter Hincks."

The loving heart of God the Father moves in pity towards us, his children ; the blessed Son of God, Jesus our Saviour, presents our petitions, intercedes for us with his blood,—and God cannot deny his Son ; while the Holy Spirit operates on the hearts of God's chosen and willing ones, prompting them to give, and the work is done.

We are a family, and I like to hear the girls spoken of as members of the family rather than inmates of the Home. One of the girls began her second year with me in March ; another, God willing, will begin her third year in August, while still another began her third year in April. The children of these Christian mothers are with us ; and the

mothers themselves, with others, take as great an interest in all the activities of the Home as if they had always lived there. They rise early to give food to our household ; they care for the furnaces, do the buying, pay the rent, and attend to other business matters for me ; do our painting and repairing, assist me in the nursing should illness come our way ; and by many acts of consecration far overreach the daily task assigned to each.

We live as a family. Miss Pentland sits at one end of our dining table, and I at the other. The conversation is such as one would expect to find in any Christian home. We have all things in common. If the girls have plain food, we have plain food. I provide nothing for Miss Pentland or myself which I do not provide for them. As far as possible the spirit of family fellowship obtains in all our life. And so the months go by while the sunshine of a real home falls ever more brightly upon us. And this home glow is more pronounced whenever we receive letters or visits from the old girls and their children. They do not forget us, and the passing years strengthen the ties that bind us. Twenty of my old girls are married. Two others are looking forward to a wedding day.

During the winter we were rather irregular in the mission work ; for many days were mission days, God giving us the privilege of doing a part in relieving the distress in our city. Wednesday is the happiest weekday in our Home. We pray for missions, sing mission hymns, and read God's call to missions, and we give the day to sewing for missions. Each Christian girl takes her turn choosing from the many excellent periodicals sent to us the literature to be read at our afternoon or evening meetings.

It was in a meeting at the close of one of our Foreign Mission days that a dear child of God who had come

among us heard a definite call to a foreign field. Three years ago in answer to many prayers for our loved India the Lord gave us to care for a Christian leper in that land, and also for a most capable native nurse and Bible woman. We thank God for them. Then on April eighteenth, 1906, I began to pray for a missionary at home, a consecrated young woman who would cast in her lot with us, and be a link between us and the foreign field. One year later the Lord sent me an answer to my prayer when Miss Damm, a graduate of the Toronto Bible Training School, made known her desire to fellowship with me in practical Christian work preparatory to service in a foreign field. She came, began house-to-house visitation at once, and proved herself to be a real soul-winner. Later the Lord moved dear Miss Middleton to kindly office in behalf of our missionary, and she joined her staff of nurses for training.

I remember the meeting during which I believe the Lord spoke to Miss Damm and said, "This is the field." I had been so burdened for Africa that I knew not how to remain at home, so bitter was the cry that reached my heart from that darkest of all dark lands. It was not a surprise to me, therefore, to find that at our meeting on a Foreign Mission day, Miss Damm's thought was directed to the object of my many prayers. Before the summer had passed she had offered herself and was accepted as missionary-elect to Africa.

When the true pilgrim journeys on, listening for the harmonies of a better world, every event of his life bears the celestial trade-mark. All along the way he finds steps unto heaven. One such milestone has been reached since last we met in this Assembly Hall; and I cannot here refrain from bearing testimony to God's love in miraculously answering a prayer made with many tears that God would bring our loved mother from a tropical

country where for thirteen years she had toiled for the salvation of the dusky foreigners whom she loved, and give us the privilege of ministering to her in her last days.

In June, Mrs. Baker, of London, and I were called to dear mother's bedside in our brother's home in Massachusetts. God had brought her, dying, over mountains and seas to be surrounded there, for the first time in twenty-six years, by all her children. During my long absence through the summer, Miss Pentland served faithfully and efficiently. The Lord was with her, and bravely she carried the burden while in memory she lived again the sacred hours she had spent in loving ministry to the mother who went before mine to the glory.

As the summer drew to a close, dear mother regained strength, and my twin sister and I returned to Ontario. But the autumn found her failing, and God, to perfect that which He had begun, brought her to Toronto. Mrs. Baker came at once, and the prayers of breaking hearts were answered as we ministered to her constantly and held her dear hand until the end.

But this is not all. Dear mother walked with God. She knew the secret of constant fellowship with the Unseen One. She had a soul-absorbing conception of the glory and majesty of the exalted Jesus. Through a long Christian life, light from the unseen world fell about her pathway as she served the Lord Christ. At three score years and ten she put off the harness, and the closing, in our Home, of so pure and fragrant a life brought blessing to all within our walls. With the light of heaven in her sweet face and its music in her voice, she said, "I'll be sitting with the King tonight ;" and the room from which her soul took flight became a sacred spot.

And this is not all. When God called me to a work which meant a measure of self-denial and cross-bearing



at the outset, it was difficult for my family to believe that the call was of God. But they cheered me by their letters, encouraged me by their gifts, and supported me by their prayers. The work grew. The crooked places became straight, and the rough places became plain. Then when the call came for our precious mother to go to her reward, God allowed her to rest awhile in the Home which she declared to be Heaven's gateway. Again and again she spoke to Mrs. Baker, who was continually at her bedside, of the peace and holy calm that to her mind pervaded the Home. She felt it to be the Lord's house, and said, "If anyone is faithless, let her spend just one day in the Home." And so the obedience to God's call brought opportunity for the most sacred of all sacred privileges, and through that privilege of ministry led to the healing in so far as it can be healed of one of the sorest wounds that the human heart can know,—the loss of a mother.

It is fitting that this report should close with shoutings of grace, grace. As I glance back at the many high points in our year's experience, nay, rather, as from resurrection ground I recall all that God has done for us, I have no language in which to magnify the sovereign grace of God as shown in Jesus Christ through whom all our blessings have come. Most of all do I praise Him for the souls that have been saved through this work, both in the Home and without its walls. Oftentimes we stand bewildered at the thought of God's infinite love shown to his own as he walks beside the strong one, holds by the hand the less strong one, or carries in his bosom the very weak one. But sometimes it becomes easy to note as commonplace that miraculous operation of the Spirit of God that stands for the greatest thing that a great God ever did for anyone,—the regenerating of a lost soul.

Tonight a trophy of that grace, in the very presence

of Him through whom grace and truth came, joins in the chorus of the redeemed : Worthy is the Lamb that was slain and hath redeemed us to God by his blood. Some months ago a little girl of seventeen was brought to our Home, a wayward, wilful child who had found the way of the transgressor hard. She refused to yield to Christ, pressed beyond measure with the thought of her sin, and, perhaps, still clinging to the world. For weeks she lay seriously ill, and one day, while beside her in the hospital, I found her ready to receive Him who brings eternal life to as many as receive Him. Tubercular development robbed us of all hope. It was evident that she must die. The hospital doors were open to me day and night, and for more than a week I heard from her lips that which assured me of her acceptance with God in Christ Jesus. She had not the least fear of death, and longed every day to go and be free from her suffering. There were many unmistakable evidences of a simple, childlike faith, and yet, O friends, it was so different from the testimony of the one who had so recently passed into the glory, and who had known the Lord Jesus from a little child to seventy years of age. To her the Lamb was all the glory, and each day that kept her from the transcendent joy of meeting her Lord was a day too long. To the babe in Christ there came no vision of Him. She was only tired of life, tired of sin, and knew that God would receive her for Jesus' sake. It was all of grace ; but oh, the contrast ! Dear mother's face was bright with the light of victory as she said, "Death is only passing from a dark room into a light one; and the Saviour stands in the door." But the little girl clung to me pitifully and her incessant call for "Mother ! mother !" whenever I was obliged to leave her, must have touched the hardest heart. At one time she said, "I won't have to see Satan when I am dying, will I ?" I assured her that God

would not allow the Destroyer to come her way. And she did not see Satan. Not long before the final struggle, she fell into repose, and a smile that I can never forget brightened her little, pain-worn face as she whispered "Jesus." And I know that tonight she is with Him. Oh, the boundless grace and mercy of God ! Oh, the power of the precious blood to cleanse from all sin ! Oh, the triumph of the homecoming of any redeemed soul ! And yet, if the Lord tarry, let me die the death of the righteous ; and while I live let me proclaim to the great throng, Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.





## THE WORD OF TRUTH

NINTH ANNUAL MESSAGE. APRIL TWENTY-SIXTH, 1909

**T**HROUGH the boundless mercy of God I am privileged to address my friends at this, the Ninth Annual Meeting called for this purpose. We are closing a year of richest blessing. There have been difficulties, there have been hours of perplexity, there have been moments of trembling, there have been would-be discouragements of different kinds. But all are as a little stream here and there compared with the ocean of the fullness of God's blessing vouchsafed to his handmaid in days of humble service.

A threefold life cannot be an idle one. With activities so varied in a household of over twenty, including nine or ten babes, we can have but few spare moments. Occasionally we lose a little time with our children. There may be others in the world just as bright, just as beautiful ; but we do not see them. And so we pause sometimes to listen to a rehearsal of the wonderful attainments of those children.

Again and again when the Lord sends gifts to the Home the older little ones are the first to fall to their knees, pulling at the skirts of their mothers in the eagerness for united praise ; and the sweet voices of little Leonard and little Thelma have been heard in a really tuneful attempt to sing the "Doxology" ever since they were eighteen months old. A prayer meeting is sometimes in order in the play-room, the little tots kneeling together solemnly under the leadership of the eldest, while their nurse sits apart reverently until the play is over. At just what

point the line will be crossed between the play and the reality only God knows. But He does know, and we leave it with Him.

In the winter one of our number was very low with pneumonia. Upon her return to us after a five weeks' absence, when we had laid her upon her bed, our eldest little one crowded through the group of girls standing about her, and offered her a bunch of artificial flowers. Then he hurried off excitedly, and, returning, pushed his way through the group, and reached towards her lips a cup of cold water. He could not talk, but love spoke well ; and his mother said to me, "Many a poor woman in a heathen land would be thankful for that cup of cold water."

Before the little ones are taken to their beds, at six o'clock, there comes a happy fifteen minutes for me. One by one, or two by two, they are brought to my room, and the comfortable rocking chair that Santa Claus sent me last Christmas does its best service. I take in my arms as many as the strength of the chair and the length of my arms will warrant.

There is a wee, wee song, and a short, short play. Then those who are old enough to kneel cover their eyes for prayer. There are good-night kisses, and the little ones are taken to their beds, while I am left alone to wonder what there is in a little child that it should so entwine itself around one's heart strings ; and left too, to think of the thousands and thousands of little children who sob themselves to sleep unloved. I had rather make a little child happy than sit at meat with kings and queens.

Sometimes I am called to the playroom to meet one of the principal, though not frequent, events in our history. And we might call one of the parties engaged, Russia, and the other Japan. The actual cruelties of warfare have no part in these manœuvres, but lest the balance of power be

disturbed, the neighboring and dominant kingdom must interfere. Arbitration is the usual method, but sometimes threats of more serious warfare are necessary to a ready surrender on the part of Russia and Japan. And so the days go by while we pray, God bless our children.

My friendly printer once asked me, "Do you mean Bible Schools or Bible School?" I answered, Bible Schools. Why? Because there are two Bible Schools in connection with the work of Redemption Home, one composed of oral classes, made up of members of my household, taking a prescribed course; the other consisting of students taking a course of study by correspondence.

I believe that God has spoken. I believe that He has given us that word in a Book which we call the Bible. And upon that Word of God, which cannot be broken, and which is mine from Genesis, chapter one, to the Revelation, chapter twenty-two—upon that Word I stand for all that I am in this tabernacle of clay; for all that I have in my pilgrim walk, and for all that I shall be through eternity. If God can fail in one word, He thus makes void every utterance that the Holy Ghost has penned through the hand of his chosen ones; and failing in that one word, He makes me a lost soul tonight. Oh, friends, I am a weak woman called of God to a humble work, but I cry out with the prophet: I cannot hold my peace, because thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war. In every country in Christendom the Lord Jesus Christ is being robbed of the glory due unto his name because men and women refuse to take God at his Word. I plead with you tonight in the name of Him in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, in the name of Him who loved us and loosed us from our sins in his most precious blood, to watch the ground on which you tread in these perilous times. The intellectuality that

deifies the creature is a mirage of the enemy. Oh, beware ! There is nothing great about it. He who spake as never man spake, said :

Lo ! I am come.

In the roll of the book it is written of me

To do thy will, O God.

And this He said even though

He wondered that there was no intercessor.

There, my friends, if we are in Christ Jesus, is the origin of our faith. It is his faith. Faith is greater than reason, as God is greater than man. And no matter from where the temptation comes, stop your ears to every spoken word, and close your eyes to every written word, that questions God. When I cease to regard the whole Bible as the living Word of our ever-living God ; when I fail to exalt the Lord Jesus Christ as the only begotten Son of God the Father, God manifest in the flesh, Word of God incarnate ; when I forget to magnify the grace that saves a lost soul through the atoning, shed blood of the spotless Lamb of God, the world's Redeemer ; Oh, when that hour comes, let my right hand forget her cunning and let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

I have now come to the heart of my message, a testimony to God's faithfulness in answering prayer offered in faith, and in the name of Him who Himself is the way to the Father. God's care of us through the year that is closing has been just as constant, just as tender, just as wonderful as through any previous year. And may the Holy Spirit bless his own living Word of truth as together, for a few moments, we wait at the feet of Him who faileth not.

On May eighth of last year we had come to the end of our food supply. A girl that had but recently come to the Home gave two dollars, all that she had. I told her that more would follow ; that it is always so when the



girls have anything to give and give cheerfully. That day I received nine dollars in cash, and a large box of groceries, the very articles needed.

Not long before this our Heavenly Father had sent, for my own use, three dollars in answer to prayer. When God, directly in answer to prayer, provides for a particular purchase, I always feel that the amount should be so applied. But I have learned that I may lend to the Lord as I have opportunity. On the day referred to I used my three dollars for the Home. It was Saturday, and I asked the Lord to confirm my thought of his mind by returning me the money on Monday. On Sunday I received from his gracious hand not three, but eleven dollars. God could make silver and gold out of the dust of our streets ; out of the snow flakes that fall upon our housetops ; or out of the drops of dew that jewel a grassy hill at sunrise. But He has ordained for his children the privilege of giving to Him ; and happy indeed is that child of God who following the example of the Father and of the Son, can sing,

All I have I am bringing to Thee ;  
In thy steps I will follow,  
Come joy or come sorrow,  
My Saviour, I will follow Thee.

And He gave us all.

On the morning of May thirteenth I was praying for money to meet a necessary expense, and I said in prayer, I'll do my best ; do send it. But the Spirit spoke to my heart thus, "Not by works, lest any man should boast." Then like a wave of sunshine breaking through a cloudy day, there came to me a new thought of what grace is, and putting away all thought of my own well-doing, I rested in that grace which is without limitations, without conditions. The Lord then sent me ten dollars with the

assurance of more to follow. And I received more the next day.

On May fifteenth we had our breakfast and dinner ; but there was nothing for tea, no milk for the children and not one cent in the house. I found comfort in my morning portion from Hebrews 13 : 5 : Be ye free from the love of money, content with such things as ye have ; for He Himself hath said, I will in no wise fail thee, neither will I in any wise forsake thee. We were praying and waiting for something to come. One of the mothers had just left her room, having asked God for milk for the children, when the door-bell rang, and there was meat, bread, butter, pickles, cake, celery, and three quarts of milk.

On the morning of May eighteenth, in an hour of communion with my Lord, I was giving to Him my love and thanksgiving for choosing one so unworthy to be a co-worker with Him. He said, "You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." Oh, it was such a holy experience. I could not rehearse it did I not know that the Spirit of God is in this meeting. It was a redeemed soul's time in the banqueting house. Although I had heard his Word, yet I asked for a token of his love and favor. I needed money and looked for the answer to that prayer to be my token. The first mail that morning brought me twenty-five dollars ; and I cried, My Lord and my God.

June twelfth was the birthday of one of our children. He was two years old, and thought he would celebrate the day by seeing the sights of a great city. And off he went. His mother was frantic, and she and I began our search in opposite directions. The search was continued until the suspense became almost unbearable, and I lifted my heart to God beseechingly that He would show me the way to the child. He turned my steps as quickly as if a voice had spoken back over a way I had come, then a short way

down another street ; and from there, down where two roads met on one of our busiest thoroughfares, I saw the sunny hair of the child as he sat quietly upon a curbstone while trolley cars, automobiles, and heedless men and women were hurrying by.

On that same morning God gave me a precious word from first Corinthians : "Enriched in everything. All things are yours, and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's." It was a day of rejoicing, although we knew that we were coming before night to an empty cupboard. Faith was strengthened at noon by a study of Hezekiah's deliverance from the host of Sennacherib. That God was our God. Late in the afternoon the word was given, Come, children, have your baths and then your tea. And there was not one morsel in the house for them. But in fifteen minutes the Lord sent us five dollars.

On June twenty-seventh I was praying for the supply of our needs ; and faith was strengthened as I read of Elisha multiplying the widow's oil. Pleading that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever, I asked God to work a miracle for us if his people should delay to respond to his call to give ; for the enemy can make God's people forget. About one o'clock the blessings began to pour in, and they kept pouring in until ten at night,—food, so much that we had to send out a large portion that night ; dishes, furniture, clothing, and useful and ornamental articles for our rooms. It was a red letter day. And that night as I retired I felt that even that was but a light thing ; God would yet do greater things for us.

On Dominion Day we expected some of the old girls home to dinner, and our table cloths had taken a notion to fall to pieces almost simultaneously, and mocked all suggestions of further mending. We prayed earnestly for a new tablecloth for our holiday dinner. The morning

broke on July first, and it looked like defeat. But the postman brought me a letter from the unfortunate mother who heard the cry of the first babe born in our home. The letter contained ten dollars. I need not tell just how it was done ; but the telephone had a part, and we had a new tablecloth, hemmed and ready for use by noon of that day.

On August seventh we were praying for more food before night. At noon we had a blessed service, and I said, Girls, learn how to move the arm of God. The Holy Spirit was in our meeting, and we turned to our tasks, after a scanty lunch, with joyful expectation of an abundance later. At eight o'clock the Lord sent ten dollars. Dinner was quickly purchased and prepared ; and we talked of his love as we sat together, after a day of hard work and much blessing.

It was a summer of especially hard work. The Lord sent no new girls for weeks, and from the second of July until late in September those in the Home worked cheerfully and faithfully removing old paper, putting on new, painting and whitening. We were all happy ; for we felt that we were putting in better order the Home into which our Lord had come to abide.

On August eleventh I found that we had only enough food for a very light lunch, far from sufficient for the day. As we worked with earnestness and cheer, we rested upon this word, The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open to their cry. The righteous ! But could we claim that promise ? Praise God ! Jesus our Saviour was made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption. We sang—

Jesus, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills my breast,

as we received thankfully the evenly divided morsel, and



worked on with songs in our hearts. At half-past three I said to the dear girl on the cooking, Be ready to cook the dinner. I'll dress before someone comes. But I had scarcely made the remark when a lady called with a bank note that more than provided us with a good hot dinner.

For a long time I had been praying for an enlargement of our Home. We had the nucleus of a second floor, and I learned that by the skilful planning of an architect I could have light and airy sleeping room for five more mothers and babes. While presenting this petition to God I was reminded of his inexhaustible wealth, and I cried, Thou hast it, O Father, why not for me ? And the still small voice made answer : "According to your faith be it unto you." I then turned to the Word of God and claimed another promise: He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him ; also, Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. Wonderful words ! As the summer wore on, I asked our kind friend, Mr. W. A. King, to look at the roof of the house. It needed repairing. The King Brothers sometimes have a word of approval for my judgment in practical matters, but that day my suggestion was not a good one. There was a better way ; and my heart-strings began to vibrate to the prelude of a song of thanksgiving ; for it seemed to be God's time. Mr. King led generously, brethren of the Prayer Circle followed, and the required amount was laid at the feet of Him from whom it came. The rooms were finished and dedicated to the work for which God had given them. God has already sent a considerable amount toward the purchase of the property, and my dear friends of the Prayer Circle are joining me in the earnest prayer that He will speedily perfect that which He has begun.

On August twenty-eighth we had sufficient for the hour, but absolutely nothing for tea. We pleaded before

God this word : The eyes of all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season. Before six o'clock—in due season—we had a shower of material blessing,—bread, butter, sugar, tomatoes, small fruit, and a cake sent to our door.

Late in August I was sitting at night with one dying, and spending much time of each day with her. There was much to think of, and I was very tired. Returning home one forenoon I knew that our cupboard was empty, and also my Treasury. And I said, I must pray through this lethargy, and get something. But on reaching home I found the table spread with delicious food. He knoweth our frame.

Another precious hour was in store for us that day. We had been waiting upon God for our evening meal, when one of the old girls called. For once we hoped that our dear one would shorten her visit ; for God had sent through her sufficient for a light lunch only for all. But she stayed. The evening was cheerfully spent, and we kept our little secret between ourselves and the Lord. At nine forty-five our Heavenly Father sent us the evening meal for which we were waiting, and it was the best in the land. Then we told our visitor of our waiting, and she joined in our praises as with warm hearts and love-lit eyes we gathered around our table of good things. A morning of shadows, an evening of glory light ! And this was not all. The Lord knew that there would be needs for to-morrow, and before our lights were turned out He sent bread, corn, a breakfast cereal, and fruit. Light at eventide ! Does God hear prayer ? Bow down before Him, O my soul, for He lives ! He lives ! He lives for me !

In September one of my dear girls had a younger sister come to visit her. On Saturday night it was found that we had sufficient food for Sunday, although it might be con-

sidered by our visitor to be rather plain. We would have liked meat to set before her, but we praised God for what we had. Returning from church on Sunday morning we found that the Lord had sent to our door a generous serving of choice boiled ham and a measure of ripe tomatoes. We then told the stranger within our gates of God's dealings with us. That dear girl accepted Christ as her Saviour before she returned to New York.

On November twelfth we had a most blessed season of prayer. God gave to us all a vision of Calvary and some little conception of his love as seen in the gift of his Son. We praised God that we were all under the blood, united in Christ Jesus. I then reminded the girls that the winter was before us ; that we must claim from time to time from our Father through his unfailing promises the coal that we would need. We arose from our knees just in time to see two tons of coal driven to our door.

On November twenty-fifth God's voice to us was indeed as the music of many waters. To teach us more of his love the Lord had not sent our regulation breakfast, and we sat down to oatmeal porridge and hot water, without milk, without sugar, without bread. But God so blessed that morsel that the girls' faces were really radiant as we said, How good this tastes ! It was really a hallelujah breakfast. But the Lord remembered our bodies as well as our souls, and at ten o'clock there was brought to our door bread, butter, meat, potatoes, celery, cheese, sugar, lettuce and a gallon of cream.

On the evening of December ninth I went to prayer-meeting knowing that I had no breakfast to put before my family the next morning. I was thinking of God and the sparrows, and when I returned I had in my hand more than enough for all my purchases for breakfast.

I had in mind to write of Christmas in Redemption

Home, but my time is too nearly gone. When "calm on the listening ear of night" there falls the sound of Christmas bells, there is not a happier home in the land than ours ; and if the Lord tarry, and if I am spared to serve, perhaps some day I may tell why we are all so happy at Christmas time.

For three days in January we were praying for coal for our furnaces. It was just gone, and yet it seemed to get no less ; and the dear girl regulating the furnaces said, "The Lord is multiplying the coal." And He was. A banknote on its way from New York State reached me just after the last of the coal had been put in the furnaces.

On the evening of February first I had no money for milk, and was perplexed about the children. I had the bottles put out, saying to myself that if the milkman left the milk God would provide the money ; and that if the milkman did not leave the milk, God would provide its substitute in food. In the morning we found at our door four quarts and a half of milk. That morning, while I was in prayer, and study of the Word, the postman came. I knew his ring, but said, God's letter to me first, and then my other letters. But while I was praying, the Spirit of God impelled me to hurry down to the letter box. I had just taken from the box two dollars when the milkman came for his money. A little thing ? God is great enough for the little things.

We had two precious experiences in March. We had come to the end of our supply of food, except several pounds of butter. No bread, no flour. I called the girls together and we had a time of heart examination. The Lord was very near to us as we acknowledged our failings in our Christian walk, and sought grace for a more Christ-like life. A testing is not a punishment. Our punishment was settled at Calvary. But I have learned that God often speaks in tender reproof through a testing. Be that as it



may, while we were praying and confessing our faults, the Lord remembered our generous supply of butter and sent to our door a large bag of flour. We felt that we were on holy ground. God had heard our confessions, and we walked softly before Him to whom the thoughts of many hearts are revealed. We partook of our hot biscuits and butter with humble gratitude, and were thus better prepared physically as well as spiritually for the larger blessings that followed.

On March twenty-fifth we came to our tea table to a serving of hot water and bread without butter. Now, friends, that does not mean that we had no breakfast, nor does it mean that we had no dinner. We can account to God for every morsel of food that He sends us ; and I can account to Him for every dollar in money that He sends. To waste anything in our Home is a sin. I plan every meal. I give to the dear girl who does the buying directions even to the most minute detail. But I put before my household the full regulation diet, even if there is not one morsel left for the next meal. I speak reverently in the presence of Him before whom I am a worm of the dust, and I say, God must have occasion to answer prayer, or how can He glorified thereby ? With feeding our large family, with the keeping of two houses, with repairing and improving, with laundry work—over five hundred pieces weekly—with care of babes, training children, sewing, studying, mission work, and much time spent in praise and prayer, we work hard, and need nourishing food.

On the twenty-fifth of March there was nothing for tea except bread and water. We had asked God for more and looked expectantly for it. Nothing came. We gathered around our table and sang—

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,  
But most of all for Jesus' blood.  
May manna to our souls be given,  
The burden of life sent down from heaven.

Just as we finished singing, the door bell rang. I seized the arm of the one beside me and cried, "There it is ! Another cried, simultaneously, "There's our supper." Then the one who answered the door returned with her arm full of parcels,—the choicest bacon, boiled ham all ready to slice, jellied tongue, and a pound of butter. And if our College Street friend is here tonight, he may be assured that God speaks to him as well as to "Peter Hincks."

I must refer to but one more answer to prayer. On the morning of April twenty-second, last Thursday morning, when one of the girls came to my room to report all well and to remind me that it was half-past six, rising time, I gave her directions for each one in her work that I might remain in my room in prayer and fasting. I had to have twenty dollars that day, and there was not one cent in the house. I was almost too tired to rise. A birth, a funeral, a late night meeting, with a few home duties thrown in, had made Wednesday a heavy day ; and so when I approached God on Thursday morning, it was in much physical weariness. But I heard Him say, "Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest." O friends, I cannot tell you how sweetly He rested me ; how strong I felt in just a little while. Then I presented my petitions, a long list, leaving the twenty dollars until the last. God knew my heart, and I pleaded his own promise,—He will fulfill the desire of them that fear Him. About half-past nine I heard the postman's ring. I was loth to leave the room : it was so precious to be alone with my Lord. But the Spirit spoke thus, "Should not the Shepherd feed the sheep ?" And then I remembered that the girls had had a lighter breakfast than usual. I went down to my letter-box, and found there a cheque from a dear man of God in British Columbia—a cheque for twenty-five dollars.

The year just closing has been one of marvelous ex-

periences in the life of faith, although in the matter of meeting my rent and the heavier expenses of repairing and improvements I have had to wait longer than usual. But what if God's purpose in my life should be to prove the truth of this one word, that He is a God which worketh for him that waiteth for Him? Then O, my soul, learn well thy lesson. Stand still, and see the salvation of God. Sight must have the light. Faith walks in the dark. Sight holds in its line of vision things visible. Faith sees the invisible. Sight touches and clings to the tangible. Faith reaches after and holds the things that are not as though they were. Sight is natural. Faith is supernatural; for, if I live, it is no longer I, but Christ liveth in me. It is his faith. Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief.

I now come to the closing sentences of my message, with the hope that all that my lips have uttered may be found to have for its keynote that declaration of the Holy Ghost,—The Word of the Lord abideth forever. When my faith begins to falter and fails to claim all that God is ready to give, I find the secret of that faltering in a neglect to feed continually upon the promises of God. When my heart is sad for the soft voices and love-lit eyes of home, I find that I have been drifting from the secret of his presence Who is the altogether lovely One, revealed in his beauty through the Word of God. When I miss the companionship of scholarly friends, I realize that I have turned from the constant fellowship of Him Who spake as never man spake, of Him in whom are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. When my brain grows weary, and I begin to bow beneath a burden, I know that I have neglected the quickening, holy Word, and I turn to again drink deep of the refreshing, invigorating river of God.

O blessed Book, that gives us Jesus our Lord, Jesus, the cleansing fountain, when sins are scarlet ; Jesus, the holy life, when conditions are contaminating ; Jesus, the rich inheritance when treasuries are empty ; Jesus, the song in the night when hours are tuneless ; Jesus, the bright and morning Star when the dawn is grey ; Jesus, in all things the pre-eminent One ; Jesus, the Christ, the Son of the living God, your Saviour and mine ! And in bidding my friends, beloved in the Lord, good-night, it is with the earnest prayer that more and more his statutes may become our songs in the house of our pilgrimage, until that glad day when faith shall be changed to sight and we look upon the face of that adorable One whom having not seen we love.



## THE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING

TENTH ANNUAL MESSAGE.      APRIL FOURTEENTH, 1910

**W**HEN and how did it begin? We find the answer to this question in the Holy Scriptures: Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world. But our poor works as co-laborers; the gathering together of this company tonight; the writing and reading of this message; the ten years of loving, toiling, and trusting; the up-building of a home from an empty house of silence and solitude to a fireside of light, love, warmth, and cheerful activities,—our poor works! Can it be that these were known unto Him from the beginning of the world? Then give me something more to rest upon. I have it! And oh, heart of mine, sing it out: the word that links your poor, humble efforts with that illumined hour when the morning stars first sang together; the word that makes one with the mightiest acts of an Almighty God, the faith in action of one of the most unworthy of unworthy followers,—sing it out: the Lamb was slain from the foundation of the world. That was the beginning. When the only begotten Son of God was in the bosom of the Father, daily his delight as the Son of his love; and when that love found its expression in the conception of the mystery hid from all ages and revealed to us in these last days by his Son, then was known unto Him by name every soul, saved or unsaved, that has been touched, directly or indirectly, by the ten years' service to which tonight we give a retrospective glance. And every step of the way was traced; every event was planned; and the final triumph,

through an all-conquering Christ, was heralded then by the prophetic God-vision. That was the beginning.

I am often asked, "How did you get your call?"

It is a difficult question to answer; and yet my mind goes back to an hour in the autumn of 1898 spent alone in my brother-in-law's study, when, seized with an all-absorbing desire for a close and uninterrupted walk with God, I said to Him, Give me spiritual power at any cost. If beyond the call of every child of God to closely follow and faithfully serve Him, I had a definite call, I think it was then. From that time God began to work as only He can work, to prune the vine, to mould the clay, until the time came one year later, when He unfolded to me the plan of the life He had marked out from the beginning. He found me ready; for I had said, At any cost. And He said, "The Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee; He will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

The day came, October twelfth, 1899, on which I was to return to Toronto to spy out the land. Other doors were open to me, and the call from my loved ones at home almost moved me from my purpose. But God led on, and I followed.

Reaching Toronto, I rang the bell of a quiet little home and was welcomed by a dear one whose door I had found on the latch for over twenty years. It was not the more ambitious home of former times, but I found my friend richer than ever in the things of God. I told her of my purpose, and we began to pray together,—Prayer Circle Number One.

I did not know how the work was to be carried on. I thought perhaps the churches of Toronto—to many of which I was not a stranger—would support me. And I had a profession and could earn if so disposed, and thought it might be the Lord's mind that I myself provide the neces-

sary funds. But when word was sent to me that the ministers of Toronto would pray for me, and that I had better go on as God would lead, I knew that the path of faith was before me. When my money was gone, I began to receive answers to prayer for funds to meet my personal expenses ; and faith in God for daily supplies, like a new-born babe, opened my eyes to the light.

Much time was spent in communion with my Lord. I also visited girls and women in their homes and in institutions, taking the gospel of God's grace to lost souls. Then I began to look for a house. Weeks were spent in the search for a place small enough to match my faith. But I found none.

When I had spent seven months in my friend's house, the shadows deepened about us, and the husband, father, and friend left the scene of prolonged suffering for the glory that excels. Then God opened my eyes to see the house of his choosing. I was already under its roof. I had no plans, and just one dollar when I said to the landlord that I would take the house at a rental of fourteen dollars a month.

May eighth, 1900, was a red-letter day. Heavy vans came and took away my dear friend's furniture. She gave me a bed and a few dishes, and she loaned me her range, a table, three chairs, her piano, and her bird. I went to the station to see her off on the five o'clock train, then returned to Walton Street, unlocked the door of Number 103, stepped within the lonely, empty house, and Redemption Home was officially opened, "noiselessly as the daylight comes when the night is done."

The literal reading of Proverbs 4 : 12 is this : As thou goest step by step the way will open up before thee. Two weeks after the opening of the home I received my first girl. She remained two weeks, and was then placed at

service. Then followed a fortnight of prayer, feeding upon the Word, and waiting to see God's hand. Supplies began to come in, furniture was sent, friends were raised up, and light began to break. Day after day God met me in my family of one. The bird helped me swell the song of praise that filled the scantily furnished rooms ; and when my heart would get too full, I would lock the door of the little house and slip down to the Yonge Street Mission to join my hallelujahs with the notes of the dear ones there.

For seven months the rooms were occupied by those who came and went at will. I believe that some were really anxious to be delivered from drunkenness or immorality ; but I saw few results from those early labors. Visits were made to houses of ill-repute and the message pressed home there as well as to those under my roof ; and there stirs in my heart tonight a love for the wretched ones whose faces will ever be fresh in my memory. Here and there the seed may have fallen into good ground, and perhaps one day I shall meet with rejoicing those whose sins were like crimson. Love held them for a while ; but they returned to the enemy's country for a renewal of the conflict, and only God knows how it ended.

In November an unfortunate young woman sought admission to the Home. Previous to this she had lived a blameless life, and was a professing Christian ; but she now found herself walking in darkness that could almost be felt. She was admitted to the Home, and before long another came and another, until at the close of the first year the Home was filled with unfortunate, rather than prostitute, young women. And that has been the character of the work to the present time.

God called others to a life of faith, of absolute dependence upon Him, before He called me. I do not know what the call meant to them. I do know what it meant to



me. There were aesthetic and artistic indulgences ; there were intellectual gratifications ; there were social pleasures ; there were home joys that henceforth were to have little or no place in my life. Instead of culture I was to meet crudeness ; instead of refinement, lawlessness ; instead of scholarship, ignorance ; instead of love, indifference. I knew that there was love for me in the heart of my family that nothing could quench ; but I knew that the character of the work to which God had called me was destined to be inharmonious with my old life ; and that especially my walk with the children, who were as the apple of my eye, could not be quite as it had been. For I was not to touch the work with gloved hands. I was to receive in my house, at my table, and into every avenue of my life the depraved and the outcast. I was to live for them and with them. My pilgrim walk was to be on the other side of the street.

Years passed, and conditions in the Home became fairer. The girls who were admitted were less depraved than formerly. They remained longer and improved more ; and the babes, like lilies of the valley in a garden of shadows, reminded us that beauty is not dead, and that purity is more than a name.

Conditions became still more fair. Our rooms had been exchanged for lighter and more airy rooms. Little by little improvements had been made in the daily routine of work ; the girls had become responsive to deeper spiritual teaching ; the atmosphere had become one of real "home," and rays of light now entered our life from expected and unexpected sources. We became a happy family.

Another two years passed and again I faced the shadows. A dear daughter of him who gave me his name was to leave us to be with Christ. I was alone with the girls in the Home and did not know how God would arrange it, but I besought Him to give me a mother's privilege in ministry

to my own. He heard my prayer. In the autumn Miss Ella Wray had responded—not without sacrifice—to my call upon her for needed help, and through most of the month of January, 1910, she took charge of the Home while I was again privileged, with the sufferer's sister, to hold a loved hand as faith slowly gave place to sight in the presence of our risen Christ.

Miss Wray's stay was short ; but the hope of her coming and her four months of faithful co-operation during an anxious time tided me over weeks of excessive weariness, and gave me new strength and courage for a larger service for my Lord. Then came a call to her from our needy Northwest, and tonight dear Miss Wray is perhaps bending over a suffering foreigner who but for her tender ministry might find Christian Canada the coldest spot in a cold world.

May I quote here some of the promises which I have learned to plead when asking God for supplies :

My God shall fulfil every need of yours according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus.

If ye abide in Me and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

Ye did not choose Me, but I chose you and appointed you, that ye should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should abide ; that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my Name He may give it you.

And God is able to make all grace abound unto you that ye having always all sufficiency in everything may abound unto every good work.

He that spared not His Son but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him freely give us all things?

A God which worketh for him that waiteth for Him.

I will work, and who shall reverse it ?

Ye shall not see wind, neither shall ye see rain, yet that valley shall be filled with water, and ye shall drink.

All things are yours. And ye are Christ's ; and Christ is God's.

For just a moment let us look at the dry sky and the valley full of water.

For ten years we have lived with an habitually empty purse and an habitually empty cupboard ; that is, we have seldom seen our supply beyond that of the present need. It has been an almost daily falling of the manna ; and yet we are all flourishing and most of us are fat. Sometimes there is only the regular asking in our seven o'clock morning prayer-meeting and our noonday and evening prayers, with a restful looking toward God for days ; and all needs are supplied. At other times God withholds for a while, and we meet in seasons of special prayer and, pleading his promises, praise God for the deliverance that we know is coming and that does come. Occasionally the enemy gets in and blocks the way to the Throne ; and there must be confession, humiliation, and reconciliation before the blessing comes.

And so the years have come and gone, and from day to day we have been clothed, fed, and cared for by a faithful, **covenant-keeping** God through the all-prevailing Name of Jesus. Ten years ! Ten years ! Oh, the grace of it all ! Oh, the faithfulness of it all ! Oh, the love of it all !

But the grace that is sovereign, the faithfulness that reacheth unto the skies, the love that is infinite, have appeared in even a more wonderful way. More wonderful than the filling of the valleys with water when there is no sign of rain ; more wonderful than the feeding of the fainting prophet by black-plumed messengers ; more wonderful than the staying in their course of the sun and moon until shouts of victory were heard on the hill and in the valley ;

more wonderful than the building of walls of water to the right and to the left that Israel might pass through the sea on dry land ; more wonderful than the gorgeous furnishing of a firmament when the starry dome became reverberant with that morning song,—yes, the most wonderful work of a wonder-working God has been wrought in our Home again and again year after year as souls dead in trespasses and in sin have been quickened to newness of life ; as, by the operation of the Holy Spirit, faith has laid hold of the life eternal which is in the Son of God, who, although He knew no sin, by his sacrificial death on the cross became sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.

They are in the Home today, those lights in a dark world, forgiven and cleansed. They are here and there out in the world, with their babes in their arms or by their side ; some in homes of their own, others walking their solitary way, misunderstood often, and misjudged, but dear to God. Two are at home with Jesus. I see them there tonight. It was my privilege to enfold them to the very end in a mother-love that grows with the spending. Oh, friends, there are burdens to carry, and heavy ones ; there are disappointments to meet ; there is loneliness to bear ; there are misrepresentations to suffer ; but it pays, it pays, it pays.

And now what shall I say in closing ? If the one hundred and seventy-two girls and women who have found refuge under our roof ; if the one hundred and one babes who have received in our Home the kiss of love and welcome ; if all who have touched the work in any ministry ; if all who have prayed for us and given to us ; and if all who tonight have listened to this message were known unto God from the beginning ; if within the perspective of the God-vision there fell upon us blessings like rain upon the



thirsty land or dew upon the tender plants ; if his love planned this, and his faithfulness promoted it, and his power perfected it,; what will it be when we are ushered into the more excellent glory awaiting those who love Him ? when instead of singing together in this company we shall join with the ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands ; when instead of looking by faith into the face of our adorable risen Lord and Saviour, we lay aside the shield of faith, we put away the mirror in which we see but darkly, and, satisfied at last, gaze forever face to face upon Him who, I trust, in this one moment at least, is the centre of vision of every soul in this room,—Jesus, Jesus, blessed Jesus ! What will it be ? O love, fly fast ! O faith, look far ! And let me stay even now in his presence Who is all the glory of Immanuel's land.



## SCENES FROM OUR PILGRIMAGE.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL MESSAGE.      APRIL, SIXTH, 1911

**F**OLLOWING, I trust, the leading of the Holy Spirit, I ask our friends to turn their thought backward that they may journey with us on our pilgrim way through the year that is now closing ; for I have written as we journeyed.

April eighteenth, 1910—

Our Tenth Annual Meeting was held last Thursday evening, in College Street Baptist Church. The year had been so full of blessing that our faith as a Prayer Circle made bold to claim from God the best meeting in our history. We felt that God gave us our heart's desire. I had a cold, and saw before me much difficulty in speaking. But reading of Jesus healing all that were sick, I trusted Him to give me sufficient vocal strength for the effort ; and He did. He is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

We prayed for a fair night, if according to God's will. In my daily portion I read of Jesus rebuking the wind and the sea. And a warm, balmy air made the night inviting as we walked under a star-lit sky to breathe the fragrance of flowers brought by loving hands.

Two days after the Annual Meeting I sought God again as our only source of supplies. I reminded Him especially of the cost of printing this report ; and God sent me that day a fifty dollar cheque for that very purpose. The path grows brighter day by day.

As I face another year, I do not know what is before us ; but I do know that God will not leave us nor forsake us. In my Old Testament portion I read this morning

that Samson was sore athirst, and he said to the Lord : "Thou hast given this great deliverance by the hand of thy servant, and now shall I die for thirst ? . . . But God clave the hollow place that is in Lehi, and there came water thereout ; and when he had drunk his spirit came again and he revived." And so if in the year that lies before me great deliverances are followed by seasons of trial, the God of deliverances will cleave the hollow place and I shall drink and be revived.

April twenty-first, 1910—

Yesterday I pleaded the promise : What things soever you desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them. I greatly desired to have twelve dollars, although we could have managed without it. The Lord sent ten dollars in the afternoon. The other two dollars could not be used until today and did not come until this morning. But they came by the first mail.

May fifth, 1910—

Two weeks have passed since I wrote to my friends who will listen to, or read, this message. They have been weeks of great blessing ; and as the trees have begun to burst into leaf, the resurrection life in our souls has, I trust, put forth a larger fruit-bearing to the glory of God.

We still find our chief joy in the Word of God. How dark and tuneless the pilgrim's life would be had God not spoken ! When weak in body we may find our strength in the Word of God. When lonely or burdened we may find there our consolations. When cold and spiritless we may find there our fervor and power. Be friends many or few ; be loved ones near or far, while the Word of God lives, life can never become a barren wilderness. The pilgrim who makes God's Word his constant companion finds flowers in the trackless desert, finds music in the midnight hour,



finds light before the breaking of that glorious day ; for he finds Jesus in that Word. O God most high, most holy ! Thou hast spoken to our dull, dumb souls. Then compel us to listen ! Silence to us forever the voices that rob us of sensitiveness of soul toward thy voice that even now, although perhaps far from home on our pilgrim way, we may see and hear Jesus only.

May fourteenth, Saturday night—

This has been one of the busiest of busy weeks. Besides usual work I am addressing for mail hundreds of copies of the "Tenth Annual Report," and the other girls are repainting ten of our floors. Our number is small at present, and as soon as everything is in order again, God will send in the new girls. How perfectly He plans even to the most minute detail.

Week following—

We arose this morning with neither paint for our floors nor stamps for the reports, and with but two cents in the Treasury. It seemed as if part of our work at least would be at a standstill. But in my morning season of prayer I asked God for the things needed and then went downstairs to the letter-box and found a cheque for fifteen dollars. Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things before you ask Him. He never forgets us. And tonight, although more than usually tired in body, I close my desk with praise and thanksgiving, and bid all the world good-night.

May twenty-third—

Last week I found no opportunity for writing. We were all busy, and each one bent to her augmented task with good will. Getting ready for the new girls, we often said. Several made application, but stumbled at the one requirement of remaining to mother the expected child. We are

always needing, and praying for, more room : and yet an amazingly small proportion of the young women who make application are admitted to the Home. I do not feel called to mother any unfortunate girl who refuses to remain in the Home for one year that she may mother her own child and receive the teaching and training that she so sadly needs. For did she not need to be built up spiritually, or fortified morally, or developed mentally, she would hardly have occasion to make application to our Home.

June sixteenth—

Three weeks have passed since I added a line to this message. Three more weeks of pilgrim life. I was then asking God for about thirty dollars, and pleading the promise. Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. They have all been added, praise God, and much more.

Last Saturday, towards evening, I said, I want three of the girls to come to my bedside while we ask God for our Sunday offerings and for food. But before we had time to pray, while a dear friend was sitting with me, an unknown messenger of the Lord left at our door five dollars.

Two weeks ago yesterday we came to a somewhat rough spot in our pilgrimage when a lad, skilled in his particular line, but without malice or forethought, threw a stone that struck my forehead. It proved to be a serious pastime, and for ten and a half days I lay upon my bed under Dr. Hooper's earnest and prayerful care. I understand that there were anxious hours for my friends. But the night that I was seriously ill—and consciously so—was one not to be forgotten ; for I proved my Lord as I had never proved Him before. Pain could not hide his face ; and although I knew what a few hours might possibly bring—unless contrary to God's plan for me—there was peace in

my heart like a river because of a living faith in a crucified and risen Saviour.

June seventeenth—

Yesterday three of my older Christian girls began to offer, with me, daily prayer for larger premises for our Home. With the number of young babes and older children now with us we are sorely in need of larger quarters and a recreation ground. God is able.

June nineteenth—

How near to us God's heart must be these days. Before I have time to ask God opens his hand and gives. Marvelous love and watchcare ! It seems only necessary to look into his face and it is done. My heart is full of an indescribable peace.

June thirtieth—

Yesterday as I read God's Word I believed the message was for me, and faith claimed our new home with a cool, sweet breeze from the hills playng with the grasses in our garden. I believe it will be given us and also an open door for a wider ministry in the Word, and for touching lives not so full of sunshine as our own.

Have suffered much pain in my head this week, the result of my accident ; but have always found deliverance in prayer and the Word of God.

July twenty-fifth—

Through the kindness of dear Miss Smith I have had a twelve days' rest in camp with loved kith and kin. Like every mountain this of mine has its corresponding valley, and I find the work pressing heavily upon my return. Satan is trying hard to discourage me ; but I know Whom I have believed and I know that He is able to keep me steadfast.

July twenty-sixth—

The glory light fills our home again. God will answer prayer when his children cry to be delivered from the oppression of the enemy. I believe that even the little children feel the peace that floweth like a river when the Holy Spirit operates unhindered. And He works through the Word of God.

August twelfth—

A year ago this month I experienced the most severe test of faith of all the years of walking thus with my Lord. The girls stood like heroines, and God brought us out of our week of trial with rejoicing. We have not had a real test since. What a year of marvelous blessing ! It has been a continual asking, receiving, and thanksgiving. He is faithful that promised ; and He has promised to supply all our need according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus. We are passing over a flowery spot in our pilgrim way just now. The light from the far-off Morning Land falls about us, and celestial harmonies meet our ear. Not long ago it was all sticks and stones, broken bridges and muddy pools. Satan made the babies cross, the children naughty, the girls noisy. We cried for deliverance, and are rejoicing in a blessed answer to our prayer. He who is for us is infinitely greater than he who is against us.

August nineteenth—

I am much in prayer this morning for our new home, which I believe was in God's plan from the beginning. I am patiently waiting for Him to unfold that plan.

August twentieth—

I began this day with five cents in the Treasury and a family of twenty to feed. The first mail brought a contribution from one of the old girls working with her child on a farm for a small wage.



## — September first—

Began the day yesterday with two cents in the Treasury, but God opened his hand and my family were all properly fed. And they will be today and tomorrow and the next day and every day.

In May I wrote that we were repainting our floors and getting ready for new girls. The new girls came, and I have had the largest family that I have ever had during summer months. And I trust that the atmosphere of our Home has been found to be really that of home. How we love it, with the mad world rushing by us at such a Satanic speed ! And how thankful we are for it, with so many falling about us in unequal conflict ! And how safe we feel in it ; for the Lord lives with us.

## September thirteenth—

Last evening there was held the first meeting of our Prayer Circle since the holidays. I do thank God for the dear ones whom He has sent to fellowship with me in this way. If the communion of saints is so sweet here as we go on our pilgrim way, what will it be in the heart's true homeland !

## September twenty-ninth—

I cannot be true to a rehearsal of God's dealing with us without making reference to a severe test through which we have just passed. I had food for the children, but very little for ourselves ; and not a dollar and not a particle of food came to our door for nearly three days. We believed that God was teaching us a lesson, and may He give grace lest we forget.

## October sixth—

My heart is made glad this morning by a letter from another of my married girls. Twenty-six of my girls are

living in homes of their own. This one writes : "Well, mother, I am happy and still trusting and serving the Lord." There has been many a burden to carry during the past years, but I see here and there the fruits and flowers from patient seed-sowing, and I know that by the boundless grace and mercy of God I shall not go absolutely empty-handed into his presence.

October twentieth—

The wee babes as they grow, and the older children as they play, keep the music awake in our hearts as we journey on. The play-room is church, school-room, concert-hall, and private residence in turn. Of our four eldest each little girl has her office to fill. A few days ago there was a sick patient in the hospital. The tenderest care was given her, and the doctor, our four-year-old, removing from the patient's lips her made-to-order thermometer, read the little sufferer's temperature as "two miles." Well, it is only play ; but I hope that these little ones will grow up to be Florence Nightingales or, better still, will live to bind up wounds in broken hearts and to minister to sin-sick souls.

October twenty-fifth—

And now, dear ones, I ask you to go still farther back with me for a few moments that we may listen again to God's voice at each turn of the path. I was given the first definite word in September, 1899. The Lord thy God He it is that doth go with thee ; He will not fail thee nor forsake thee. And I followed his leading to a small house in which this work began, my only joy, his presence ; my only strength, his almighty arm ; my only wealth, his promises. In April, 1901, and again in May, 1901, God gave me this word : "Who am I, O Lord God, and what is my house that Thou hast brought me thus far ? . . . For Thou, O my God, hast revealed to thy servant that Thou wilt build him

an house ; therefore hast Thy servant found in his heart to pray before Thee. And now, O Lord, Thou art God, and hast promised this good thing unto Thy servant."

I know that this promise was made to David, but the Spirit of God took those words in May, 1901, and gave them to me, and faith received them. Two years later God led us to our houses on Augusta Avenue.

On September eleventh, 1902, and again on March twenty-seventh, 1903, the Lord said to me, "Buy thee the field for money and call witnesses. Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh ; is there anything too hard for me ?" And all along the way God said to me, "I will build thee a house." I thought it mattered not if the house were a rented one as long as the work went on. Before long the Lord sent about three thousand dollars towards the purchase of our Augusta Avenue houses, and in 1906 the two houses were made into one.

As the time of need came, the houses were enlarged, the dear ones of the Prayer Circle leading in generous gifts.

The years came and went and God gave me many a word that I hid in my heart, and faith's vision of a wider ministry was kept bright as from time to time I heard God's voice through his Word concerning this. On the margin of one of my Bibles I find entered, here and there, the date of receiving by faith some promise touching the enlargement of this work. On six different occasions, without seeking for the message, I received from God these words : "The right of inheritance is thine, and the redemption is thine ; buy it for thyself." How did I know that it was the word of the Lord to me ? The Spirit of God is in the Word, and that Holy Spirit witnessed in my heart that that was mine which faith appropriated ; for faith is the gift of God. On February fifth, 1909, while in prayer for larger quarters, and overwhelmed with the thought of the

sovereign grace that saves a sinner like me, God spoke these words to the ear of my listening soul : "I am the Lord that brought thee out of Ur of the Chaldees to give thee this land to inherit it." I received God's word to me, and kept all these things in my heart until a supreme day came when the Lord said, "Behold, the Lord thy God hath set the land before thee : go up and take possession". But how was it done ? If tonight, my friends, you have followed us on our pilgrim way through this year, you know the first step. On June sixteenth, 1910, my three eldest Christian girls began to pray with me for a larger home in a less congested part of the city. And we took hold of the arm of God in the energy of the Holy Ghost, believing that we were asking according to God's will and for his glory. I communicated our desire to the brethren of the Prayer Circle who are trustees of our property. Then we met as a Prayer Circle, and began to pray for the new Home. We sought to more fully know the mind of the Lord by opening our hearts to a few of God's children. Then the Lord led us to four lots of his own choosing. He next moved his children to give, and on August twenty-seventh our land was bought for money. Since then the Augusta Avenue houses have been sold, and yesterday Mr. King rang me up to say that I could go at nine o'clock to turn the first sod for building. Blessed be God ! I will build thee a house. The hour was early for the dear ladies of the Prayer Circle, and most of the gentlemen were pressed for time, but Mr. Greey, Mr. King, and I had one of the most precious open-air meetings I ever attended. Standing on the spot over which our meeting-room will be built, with a bright, warm October sun shining upon us, and God's ear open to us, we offered to Him through his blessed Son our hymns of praise and our prayers of thanksgiving and intercession ; and the sod was turned.



Our house is to be a home, and we are looking forward to a real "home, sweet home," such as God sometimes gives to pilgrims on their way to that other home of which the Lamb is all the glory. And indeed it is our hope that He will be all the glory of our earthly home, and my prayer is, Unless Thy presence go with us, send us not up hence. The Lord is increasing our faith, and the house is to be considerably larger than we expected at the beginning ; and we are earnestly looking to God to give us our home free from all encumbrance, for Jesus' sake, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

We expect to have a house of twenty-five rooms, beside bath-rooms, cellars, and lavatories, with ample ground, and I pray that there many a loveless, aimless life may be reclaimed, and many a soul born again.

November twelfth—

Our pilgrim way is very smooth these days. A quiet joy and a deep peace pervade our life. How wonderful is the constant supply of things necessary !

Yesterday we had to have coal. I took the matter to the Lord and ordered a ton at once. The first mail this morning brought more than enough to cover the indebtedness.

On Saturday night we were about to retire determined to try to manage until Monday morning without sufficient bread. But before our lights were out the Lord sent to our door bread enough and to spare. Then already this week other gifts have come—twenty-seven dollars in cash, and four tons of coal, and the good news of one hundred dollars in a legacy—showers of blessing after the sound of abundance of rain on Saturday night !

On Thursday morning I went with Mr. King to our new house. When we reached the top of the hill, my heart was full of peace and joy as I looked toward the

place where God will dwell with us. There is something so strangely sweet in it all. Our Lord is building us a house, and faith ruins her eyes from there to yonder glittering towers and cries, That fair home is ours. O friends ! what matters a rough spot in our pilgrim way now and then ! Let us look up ; for He will come again and receive us unto Himself.

A week ago yesterday I had a sweet hour teaching our older little ones of the resurrection of our Lord Jesus. And I was so happy to find that a real love for Jesus had been given them. For when I explained that the grave could not hold Him, they clapped their hands and shouted with almost teary laughter, "He arose ! He arose !" I believe that the very birds have times of special outbursts of praise ; and this was a time for the little children with unstained hearts and lives to offer their carol of love and joy to Him who held the little ones of earth in his arms.

January tenth, 1911—

We have had another Christmas in our home, the best in our history, the best in love, in fireside joy, in giving, in receiving. Sweet, too, it was in tender memories as we realized that it would probably be our last Christmas in the dear home on Augusta Avenue. But if a sad thought crossed our minds, it was hurried away by the joy of a real Christmas : we were happy.

January eleventh—

A telephone message from Mr. King this morning brings the news that our new home is ready for the flooring. Oh, that every brick in those walls could be vocal with praise to the Lord our God. Tighten the strings of the harp of your life, O blood-bought child, and tune it to a fuller, richer harmony ; for the half has not been told. O Lord

my God, have patience with my feeble notes until that day when I shall touch the strings that vibrate to the never-ending song of praise and adoration ; for then and then only shall I praise Thee as I ought.

— January nineteenth—

On Tuesday we needed coal for our furnaces, and I opened my telephone and ordered a ton at once. Then remembering that I had not prayed for it, I put the matter before the Lord. That day I laid the unpaid bill upon my desk, and while the coal was being emptied into our cellars. I opened a letter from British Columbia and found a cheque for the exact amount needed for the coal. He who holds the winds and waves in the hollow of his hand, and who numbers the stars, calling them all by their names, sent that cheque on its long way to reach my hand the very hour that it was needed. Is there any God like our God ?

February eighth—

Another wild winter storm has passed and we are safe. I could not sleep while the storm raged : the night was so wild, and I was thinking of the poor and homeless, and of those in peril on the sea. And in loneliness and homesickness came the thought : Are any of our folk out tonight ? I almost wondered why God did not answer prayer and give me sleep. But perhaps it was that I might know not only the power of his resurrection, but the fellowship of his suffering. He is out seeking lost souls tonight.

We came to a bed of flowers on our pilgrimage not long ago when two of our number found peace in a saving faith in our Lord Jesus. Four more who have recently joined us are coming to the light ; and I believe that all our babes will lie in the arms of Christian mothers. Was it worth the while to leave all and go out alone with God eleven years ago ? Eternity will tell, and I know even

now what the answer will be. In some cases, it is true, there has been expenditure of time and strength and anxious care in vain. One hundred and ninety-seven girls and women, and one hundred and twenty-three babes have found a temporary home under our roof. A few of these have been transients and have been transferred to institutions or sent on to friends. But by far the larger part have remained, some beyond the required length of time. Of these a few have disappointed me, but many have given daily evidence that the good seed was springing up to bear fruit. As I write these lines, they come before my mind's eye one by one, the dear girls who entering the Home broken-hearted and despairing, have made my life tuneful with the music of that sweet word, "Mother," and have gone out from the Home softened by sorrow but saved by grace, cleansed by the Blood and made strong in the strength that God supplies. Yes, I know what the answer will be.

January sixteenth—

On Sunday evening He who is mighty to save spoke again the word of power and peace, and three more souls were born again. And let me remind you, dear ones, that in all this wide world there happens nothing so important, nothing so wonderful as the passing from death unto life of an immortal soul.

At the beginning of this message I wrote that if during the year that then lay before us great deliverances would be followed by seasons of trial, the God of deliverances would give me to drink and I should be revived. The pilgrim way that then lay before us now lies behind us, and how wonderfully have we proved the certainty of the confidence then expressed.

We can look back to a few rough places in the way,



with their thorns and rocks and broken bridges falling into angry streams. But we have been carried over them all safely and tenderly. And why? Because there has walked with us One who of all that have ever been named upon earth or in heaven stands alone in love, in wisdom, in might, in beauty, in holiness. You would know Him by the nail prints in his hands and feet, by the wound in his side, and by God's glory in his face. Because of his presence light has broken upon us in every cloudy hour, and a rainbow has spanned our way after rain. Because of his presence fruits and flowers have been found here and there, and the harmonies of a better world have reached our ears. This peerless, adorable One, being Himself the very effulgence of God's glory, has walked with us. Through Him God's ear has been open to our petitions, and answers to prayer have been sent oftentimes before the prayer has been voiced. And now at the end of this stretch of our pilgrimage, because God spared Him not but delivered Him up for us all that with Him He might freely give us all things, we see on yonder hill our new home. Without unnecessary adornment it is, nevertheless, a goodly place, the best work of our God-given builder. Within may be found that which millions of money cannot buy, and it streams through more than sixty windows—God's beautiful sunshine. May it keep our hearts warm towards our blessed Jesus, the Light of the World.

We hope to move about the first week in May; and as we turn from the old home to the new, may it be to turn to a life of holier thought, of livelier hope, of larger faith, of fuller revelation, to the glory of God.

I cannot bid my dear friends here good-night without making reference to that other and better home-going. For whether the Lord tarry and we close our pilgrimage one by one, or whether we are of those who shall rise in

clouds to meet Him in the air, we do know that He is preparing a place for those who love Him and are washed in his precious blood. In that home they need no light of sun ; for the glory of God doth lighten it and the Lamb is the lamp thereof. Since, then, this world is not our home ; since we confess that we are strangers and pilgrims here, may we have grace to maintain our pilgrim character ; and with hand clasped in hand and heart answering to heart may we walk softly and joyfully with Him who became an oft-weary pilgrim that we might share with Him forever the glory that He had with the Father before the world was. May the God of all grace help us so to walk.

## OUR WONDER-WORKING GOD

TWELFTH ANNUAL MESSAGE.    APRIL, EIGHTEENTH, 1912

SINCE I looked into your faces one year ago, we have gone up to possess the more goodly land ; and so I must describe briefly our new home.

We are on a hill that borders our city at the north. God led us to the very spot. He knew all about the air up there, so fresh and sweet, and all about the sunrises and sunsets seen through naked trees that on moonlit nights throw their slim shadows upon the snow-clad fields of Earls court. Our home faces the east. I believe that God knew all about my love for east windows ; he has given us so many of them. And no matter how heavy or cloudy the day may have been with its toil and care and joy, the next morning I can open my eyes to the new day and sing :

Light in the east is glowing,  
And the clouds have rolled away.

The house is built of red brick, is finished in Georgia pine, and is adorned with white verandas, which—to appropriate literary license—are worth their length and breadth in gold. The second story veranda is the home of our babes, the northwest half making the sun-room nursery, and the other part serving as an open-air sleeping apartment, where on a mid-winter day warm bricks and woollen wrappings defy all attempts of Jack Frost to do his biting work. We thank God for this home for the babes.

There is a room in the basement that is one of our best gifts from our gracious Father's hands,—the play-room and class-room for our older children. With its generous

length of forty-eight feet, its six windows, hot water heating, and electric light, it makes a capital home for the rough-and-tumble ones who must be excluded from the nursery. These two rooms, with our sewing-room or "home room" and the laundry are a quartette for good large measurements. Then there are other living rooms and eighteen bedrooms, making twenty-eight in all, beside wardrobes everywhere, and four cellars. The building accommodates comfortably twenty-five adults and twenty-four little ones.

This house of fresh air and sunshine is God's house. He planned it from the beginning. He built it when the time came. He cares for it. He dwells in it. And that is why when the writer of this report, coming from a down-town errand, reaches the spot from which can be seen the sun-bathed walls of our Home, her heart hears its own native music.

On the day of God's choosing—Monday, May eighth, 1911—eleven years from the day when the little home on Walton Street was opened, and eight years from the day on which we moved to the Augusta Avenue home, we moved to our new house. And so May eighth stands out in our history as the home-coming day. Three times has this day been the beginning of days when, by the drawings of a measureless love which to know is to follow, our Lord has led the way home.

And I clave to Him as He turned his face  
From the land that was mine no longer—  
The land I had loved in the ancient days,  
Ere I knew the love that was stronger.

Our last week in the old home must not be overlooked. We shall never forget it—praising God, packing, and joyfully waiting for the supply of our need. On May second



we arose to a breakfast of biscuits and water, and real joy. I find in my diary for that forenoon these words : 'Time passing ; no car fare ; no stamps ; little food ; hundreds of copies of report ready for mailing ; packing begun. And I find a note at noon of the same day recording the gift from his hand of fifty dollars.

The last Saturday morning broke, and our seven o'clock prayer meeting was one of holy inspiration as we read, "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts ! Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house : they will be still praising Thee." Then came our last Sunday, a day of rest, and praise, and rejoicing. Those pilgrim days were very sweet as we waited with tent folded for the hour when our Lord would go before us. There was an occasional sad moment as I looked about the room in which the sweet spirit of my sainted mother had found release ; but joy was our watchword.

May eighth came in gloriously. We asked God for fair weather, should it please Him to give it to us ; and except a sprinkling on Thursday forenoon, not a drop of rain fell from Monday morning until Saturday night. Soldiers march best to strains of martial airs. Our moving day was lengthened to twenty-two and a half hours, and we toiled on joyfully to the music of an unclouded firmament, wafted to us by the sweet air of early May.

But back again, for a moment, to May eighth. I was obliged to tell the girls that there was nothing for us but to go in the daylight. But they said, "O mother, do go in the evening, or early morning, any time so that we shall not be stared at by everybody." And the gladness went out of their voices. However, six o'clock seemed to be the only hour that I could plan for. But God planned something better than that ; for it was ten o'clock at night when I returned to the old home for my family. The

house was dark, the babes were asleep, and the girls all ready for their noiseless departure. Silently and thankfully the procession wound its way to the large pleasure van waiting at the door. The good horses seemed to understand the situation, for they moved on quickly and quietly, and we were on our way home, unnoticed save by a stray watcher here and there. I had often promised that some time the older children should be awakened to see the moon and the stars. They saw all that night ; for the heavens declared the glory of God and the firmament showed us his handiwork. And that long ride in the light of a full May moon will never be forgotten. At eleven o'clock we drove up to our loved home, and I closed the door upon my family of twenty-nine souls. Before the fall of the leaves our number had increased to forty-seven ; and God's love still shone over all.

All days are good days ; for they are God's days. But two days, beside moving day, stand out in bold relief as we look back over the year about to close. One was September twenty-eighth, the day of the opening service of our Home. There had not been much in the way of preparation except prayer and joyful expectancy. But when the evening came, and our meeting-room and reception-room held one hundred and thirty-five friends filled with the Spirit of God our Father, and as we realized that we were really in our new Home, there was something in it immeasurably large and inexpressibly sweet. And when the hymns had been sung, the precious Word had been read, the Spirit-prompted messages had been given, and the dear ones had gone out into the night, some for a long walk to the city, others to be jostled about in impetuous, big-eyed autos—yes, when it was all over, the atmosphere of heaven was still about us ; and I know that that evening was but the prelude to a glorious day awaiting us, when,

safe home at last, enveloped in the fulness of Godhead glory, we shall sing the home-coming song of the saints : Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.

Another great day was Christmas Day. Our party numbered fifty-two, and we were all happy. Household duties were performed with unusual despatch. Then was held our Christmas service. As we were closing our last hymn there was heard in the hall the music of bells, and a magnificent Santa Claus entered the room, clothed in scarlet and white, laden with gifts and adorned with everything that could suggest real Christmas cheer and awaken hallowed memories. The vision was almost too much for some of the little ones, but they regained their equilibrium, and the hour was spent with the keenest delight possible. All the day, with a full Christmas dinner, with music and fellowship, was as bright as that earlier hour. After tea we hurried to the play-room for our games. When tired from a day of thanksgiving, good cheer and joy, as we were on our way up the basement stairs, someone gave out the notes of "Hark ! the herald angels sing." All along the line the strain was taken up and sustained until we had gathered in the dim light of the upper hall to finish the closing stanza. Then with good-night on our lips, but with good-morning in our hearts—because the true light was already shining—we went to our rooms with thoughts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh ; with thoughts of a babe, a cross, a great High Priest who ever liveth, and—in God's own presence—an eternity of sinlessness, service, and song.

When the Lord led us to turn our eyes toward the quiet paths of Earls court, the workingman's paradise, our downtown friends saw very serious difficulties in the way. But there can be no real difficulty if God go before. How would supplies reach us ? Would we be provided for ? But God is God of the hills as well as of the plains. Through

the long, quiet summer we were marvelously fed. Never in the twelve years have we been more generously provided for than during those vacation weeks, when, from a human point of view we were out of touch with everyone, and everyone was out of touch with us. It was God's time to prove Himself the same today as yesterday, the same on the hill as on the plain.

But the poor girls,—could they find us? Oh! friends, the direst extremity that human experience can know leaves no room for defeat or failure; and so our beds are nearly always occupied; but very many find us, by personal application or by letter, who are not willing to meet the requirements, and so drift on, only God knows where.

Perhaps the most serious difficulty that we faced was the long distance from our family physician, especially as Earls court roads in certain seasons are almost, if not quite, impassable. But while our Home was in course of erection, God led a physician to purchase the property just south of us. Dr. Ralph Hooper, who in 1907 succeeded his faithful and devoted father as our Home physician, gave our good neighbor a brother's welcome. And we now thank God for two doctors and our dentist, Dr. Ellis. And so that mountain has been removed.

But the dark streets! On the night of our opening service two of the older girls had to go with a lantern to the corner of Dufferin Street and Saint Clair Avenue to guide the friends on their way. But one night there was a transformation scene, and rural Earls court became a well-lighted city with two Hydro-Electric lamps in front of our home.

There still remains our Earls court mud. But we are not discouraged. When every other good is coming our way, surely we can wait with patience until our Lord has made perfect that which concerns us. Even now the St.



Clair Avenue car line is laid within half a block of our house, and soon our long walks over indescribably muddy roads will all be forgotten. We are looking forward to that time especially when we shall, I trust, open our doors to our down-town friends occasionally, as we meet to look into the face of the Ancient of Days and to hear a voice like the music of many waters.

Not depravity, but irregularity, deception, lawlessness, have been responsible for the fall of many of the girls in our home circle, especially the younger ones, some of whom are mere children. And so the days are full of every "here a little and there a little" that can have any part in character building. I long to see my girls not only Christians, but Christians of soldierly character. It is slow work, and yet sometimes when my heart is faintest, I catch the vision of a Face. That face wears a smile ; and I know that sometime, somewhere, some fruit will be found from the years of seed-sowing, and I shall not go absolutely empty-handed into his presence. I love my girls, and, if God will, I would ask to toil for them through many a long hour yet, and fall in their midst when the day is done. But it is not all sentiment. The girls are taught that lawlessness has no place in God's order, and that the Home is no exception to his rule. The time is short. With the general work of a house like ours, with the feeding and clothing of so large a family, with the unceasing care of the babes and children, and with the spiritual exercises and religious activities that form so large a part of our life, the months pass into years almost before we know it.

It will be remembered that our home life as we desire it to be would be impossible, apart from institutional lines, were it not for the interest taken in the work by many of the Christian girls, two of whom are in their fifth year

with us ; and the "tie that binds," binds more closely as the years go by.

In October the Lord saw my need of help and sent to me Miss M. E. Wallis, who is proving to be a Christ-like spirit. The nursery is her little world, and I thank God for the consecrated hands and feet and heart ever ready to make my task less arduous and my walk less lonely.

While Miss Wallis was becoming initiated, our friend Miss Sutherland spent a few weeks with us, and by her faithfulness and efficiency left me free from the sewing-room work and most of the teaching until I could again give these my attention. Then off she went where I can see her smiling face only through the telephone.

The winter's work in our new and larger home was heavy and sometimes discouraging. It seemed to take long to get into good running order after the moving and subsequent rapid growth. But the way is clear now, and I feel that I may yet realize somewhat of my hope in our daily life.

And it is not all work. One evening of each week—unless we are too tired—is given to an impromptu entertainment, which some of the girls dignify as "a concert." Every adult in the house is expected to contribute a number, either literary or musical, to the programme. There are no footlights and no bouquets, and there is nothing of which we would be ashamed at His coming; but there is a really happy home time, with now and then a sweet number to close with—nuts and candies.

One evening during the winter there was a change in the programme. The good horses that moved us sought to renew the acquaintance, and a party of twenty-four were driven to High Park to the merry music of sleigh bells. Like a good little mother I remained at home with a house full of babes and two semi-invalids. But virtue always has a reward. Accordingly one splendid night I

planned to take a number of the girls for a long walk. There seemed to be unusual excitement in the halls, and I learned the secret when I was brought out by a dozen girls and packed into a diminutive cutter, padded with cushions. And off we went, four of the strongest and merriest abreast as my four-in-hand, and the others forming a bodyguard. Away north we sped, with Miss Wallis as guide, beyond the city limits, down snow-clad hills, along plains, everyone happy as could be, the moon bright, stars almost boisterous in their brilliancy and not a policeman in sight. That was the ride of my life.

It is seldom in my Annual Report that I make reference to the sad experiences of my girls. I am not here to gratify a love for the sensational ; neither am I here to give a twentieth century lecture on the ignobility of man and the nobility of woman. All things being equal, I believe there are as many good men in the world as good women. But there is a class for which Redemption Home primarily stands ; and of that class would I particularly speak—the girls who have loved, have trusted, and who have been betrayed and deserted. I can see them tonight, those pale, tear-stained faces, which I shall carry in heart while memory lasts. But where are the trusted ones ?

In our earlier years one of these dear ones came to me bringing her wedding garments and many dainty touches to beautify her home. She had read the marriage license and awaited the day that would cover her sorrow. But the cloud broke upon her head, and I took her to my heart one dreary night in April. Months later—and I would forget her face that day if I could—she brought from its hiding-place her wedding dress to be worn by another in the Home. The bitterness of that dear girl's cup remains with her yet ; and its depth is known only to the Man of Sorrows.

Another dear one had also completed preparations for her marriage. She was an orphan. Her brother was chosen as groomsman, and all looked bright once more. But as the day drew near, the intended husband was not to be found. As I held the hands of those dear girls during their darkest hour, and read into the fathomless depths of sorrow in their eyes, and heard their cries of "O mother ! dear mother !" a sword pierced my heart, and it bled for the sorrows of the girls whose sun goes down at noon. Let the cold world go on in its pleasure. I have heard the cry of breaking hearts ; and life can never be the same to me again.

Another Christian girl, visiting in her future home, was shown useful and bright furnishings by the mother of the home with the word, "These will be yours when you come to live with us." And when the fall came, the man boasted that his purpose was to humble a godly family. An uncontrollable illness overtook the girl. As I sat beside her she said, "Mother, what will that villain say if I die ?" And she did die. It matters not what he said. She is with her Lord in glory tonight ; and God will deal with him.

Another was busy with her old father and mother making preparations for her marriage. They had not much of this world's goods, but everything was nicely done. During the week in which the marriage was to take place the future husband paid two visits to her home and was received and trusted as a son. But on the day of the expected marriage he excused himself by a telegram, and the girl has never since seen his face. Nine months later a baby girl came "to this land of scorn and hate and mourning." And that dear girl with her babe beside her awaits my home-coming on the hill tonight. What if she were your sister, O tearless woman ? What if she were



your sister, O silent man ? She is your sister, O tearless woman ! She is your sister, O silent man !

This report would not be complete without reference to the Bible Schools. From the day that Redemption Home was opened, God's Word has been honored in our midst. Twice each day we seek the Holy Spirit's teaching as we turn the sacred page, and often refresh our souls with a memory exercise at tea. Beside this we have a short Bible study two evenings each week, and gather around the Word again on Sunday evening. These are our happiest hours. It is my privilege also to meet with my downtown ladies' class for the third year, and we find green pastures indeed as we sit together. Through Miss Tulloch's efforts last summer a ladies' class was formed on the hill. A year ago Miss Tulloch came across the sea to do the district work in connection with our Bible Schools. She was with us in the moving and yoked herself with us in the strenuous work of settling. She stood with me in the midsummer nursing and then began her house-to-house work, in which she engaged with zeal and devotion until she heard a louder call elsewhere ; and our prayers follow her.

Dark nights bring out the stars. Let us not forget to watch them. Through another year God has proved Himself to be our wonder-working God. There hath not failed one word of all his good promise. The Home on the hill in its solidity and goodliness, with its equipment and protection, stands as an answer to prayer. The house is larger than was at first intended, but not too large, as has been proved. Our daily need has all been supplied in answer to prayer. Every material blessing has come directly from our Father's hand through Jesus Christ, in whom we have all things.

As May eighth began to show itself above the horizon  
F.G. 7.

of days, I was thinking of coal for our new house. The plaster was damp, and the days were cool. But our Heavenly Father knew all, and on April twenty-eight this message came over the telephone wire : "Am sending four tons of coal to your new house."

When recounting the joys of that moving day I should have mentioned that when we had finished our very early breakfast, there was no food for the day and nothing in our Treasury. Before I left the house the Lord sent ten dollars. I provided for my household, and then hurried up the hill rejoicing.

The weeks went by, each day bringing light and blessing. I find written : June fifth : A few moments upstairs, and find my message for the day. Humbled before God, yet filled with an undefinable, holy, all-conquering joy. House and hearts full of glory light this morning. O these windows !

Later in June I find written : Awfully homesick ! Then is recorded a beautiful answer to prayer, followed by the words, Clouds roll away, praise God. Indeed, dear ones, home-sickness and discouragement belong to the past when God opens his hand in answer to prayer, and Jesus shows his smiling face.

On July twenty-third there was a decided lack ; but I could write in my diary : Indescribable peace and joy. Still waiting. House nearly full. R.H. Soup once or twice with cheer and good will. Next day received thirty dollars and ninety cents.

In August, although there was always a sufficient supply of food, I was carrying quite a financial burden, proportionately, and was many a day oppressed with physical weariness. The work of moving and settling had been heavy. The heat was intense ; my household numbered between forty and fifty, and I was wrestling in prayer for

the payment of necessary bills in connection with furnishings. But God was waiting that He might be gracious. On the morning of August tenth, I received by one mail one hundred and five dollars. I was scarcely off of my knees from giving thanks and praise when the telephone rang, and a man of God said, "I am sending you a cheque for two hundred dollars." And everything was paid. I wrote in my diary, This great day.

But our God and Father notices small needs, too. On September sixth we had sufficient bread for tea, and a little honey and a little butter, but not nearly enough to supply such a large family. And the worst of it all was that we had a visitor for tea. But before the tea hour arrived, He who notes even the sparrow's fall sent to our door a sufficient quantity of butter and heaps of cold meats sliced all ready for tea. The next morning my message for the day was this : Take no thought for the morrow. . . . The Father Himself loveth you.

On September twenty-first I asked our Lord for coal. There was but one dollar in the Treasury. But the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. The next day I received word, "Am sending you four tons of coal." That was a wonderful week. Our food was supplied from day to day, coal was sent, and four souls were saved.

October twenty-fifth was one of my tired days. I wrote, Too weary to intercede for supplies. Household of forty-six. Needing also one hundred dollars. God gave me this word, Come ye apart and rest a while ; the miracle also of Jesus feeding the multitude. I prayed, O Lord, feed this multitude while I rest. In his great love and compassion He supplied our need from meal to meal. On the twenty-eighth our Lord also sent me thirty dollars, and on the thirtieth the hundred dollars for which I had prayed

January and February were extremely heavy months

Sometimes it seemed that I walked almost into the waters before they began to divide ; but God, faithful to every promise, brought us out into a large place. And it now becomes my blessed privilege to begin another year of trusting my Lord ; and He who turned my steps this way still whispers : "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

With the fuller revelation, the life of faith becomes pregnant with a sweeter joy, but with proportionate opposition from the enemy. The power of Christ's resurrection insures the fellowship of his sufferings. And so, my friends, I solicit your prayers. Each year the need is greater as we see the day approaching. God has given me a Prayer Circle of his own choosing. They have continued with me now for ten years, unconscious of the most important ministry they fulfill. Many a time when the evening of our monthly meeting has come I have felt that I have reached the end of my strength and courage, but, at the close of our hour of praise and prayer, I have come away refreshed in body, cheered in heart, and strengthened in faith. They are here tonight, those dear ones, with others who pray for us and toil for us, one day to share in the joy of the harvest home.

And now, in closing, my song would be—

O for a thousand tongues to sing,  
My great Redeemer's praise.

I praise Him that He set his love upon, and called to this ministry, in his name, one so unworthy. I praise Him for that strange, undreamed-of day, May eighth, 1900, when alone I entered our first home, and shut myself in to unfurnished rooms, echoing footsteps, and one small lamp that threw more shadows than it gave light as the darkness closed about me and the rain fell drearily. And I praise Him for that other day, May eighth, 1911, when all was



light, activity, joy ; when scores of friends rejoiced in God's sunshine upon us on our moving day ; when my children were all about me ; when instead of a family circle of one in prayer and praise to the pilgrim's God, our large rooms were vocal with hymns from the hearts and voices of many, while the ecstatic notes of the children made my heart young and glad as those notes passed my ear on their way to the throne.

I praise Him for our splendid Home, and for every useful and pleasant gift that it holds from his hand.

I praise Him for the occasional test that it has pleased Him to give us ; and I praise Him that by simply trusting from day to day I have placed food before my household for twelve years.

I praise Him for the health that He has given me through these twelve years. There has been an occasional short illness, with oftentimes excessive weariness, but today finds me at my post, having known many a time the strengthening touch of his hand.

I praise Him for the two hundred and twenty girls and women who have sat at my table, have looked to me as their spiritual father, have listened to the gospel message from my lips, and have been saved ; for the one hundred and twenty-eight innocent souls who have loved, many of whom I have dedicated to God ; for the thirty-six girls who have married and gone to homes of their own ; and for the five blood-washed souls now in the glory who will greet me, I know, at my own home-coming.

I praise Him for the sunlight, the sweet air, the painted sky with its morning song of hope and its evening hymn of rest ; for the health of bodies once sick, for the gladness of hearts once broken, for the purity of souls once sin-stained. I praise Him for every soul that has been born again in Redemption Home ; and although weak and stumbling

babes in Christ many of them are, I praise Him that He who died to save now lives to keep.

We have been praising Him in our Home for twelve years ; praising Him for the blood that cleanses from all sin ; praising Him for all those exceeding great and precious promises that cannot be broken ; praising Him for the eternal love and eternal life of our Eternal God, declared through the Eternal Son, and bestowed upon us by the Eternal Spirit ; praising Him for our present full inheritance in Christ Jesus, and for the certain hope of all that we shall yet inherit when we see Him face to face. The vision brightens to overwhelming effulgence. My pen falters. My voice fails. O ye heavenly portals loud with hosannas ring. Lend your immortal notes, celestial choirs, while we present to Him who is the brightness of the Father's glory our love-laden offering of praise. And to that blest and only Potentate, King of Kings and Lord of Lords, be honor and power everlasting.

## THE SHEPHERD AND THE SHEEP

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL MESSAGE. APRIL FIFTEENTH, 1913

THERE is a picture from the pen of an artist representing a group of sheep crowding together as a storm in its wildest fury beats against them upon a mountain of snow,—“The Lost Sheep.” I have often studied the picture, but it is not a true one. A solitary sheep would better represent the lost one ; for there is no real fellowship in the sinner’s life. There is the promise of fellowship, the boast of it, the pretence of it. But the soul that sins walks alone. And so the girls who have come to me during the last thirteen years have been lonely ones. The solitariness in which a girl of misfortune finds herself is heart-breaking. Indeed, it is a sense of loneliness before her fall that often drives a poor girl to the edge of the precipice from which—no matter how strenuous her efforts—she fails to secure her slipping feet. And so they have come dazed with the blank in which they find themselves.

The evidence of a girl’s misfortune appears to be the signal for the hasty retreat of friends and relatives, even father and mother. Can a mother forget ? She may, and many a time she does. It requires courage to stand by ; but the world needs courage. It is another name for love. And so most of the girls have come wrapped in the solitariness of the forsaken. But the Good Shepherd sees and hears and follows after. It matters not how cold and biting the storm may be, or how rough the steep. Ah ! He counts not the blood drops all the way. He cannot be stayed in his search. The Father loveth Him because He

giveth His life, and on He goes into the very heart of the storm. Love always finds the way ; and the lost sheep is laid in the Good Shepherd's bosom, and is solitary nevermore.

The lost sheep is unsheltered. It has no home. The ship has her harbor. The dog has his kennel. The bird has her nest. The peasant has his cot. But for the most part the girl of misfortune has nowhere. And I have in mind not the depraved girl ; not the girl who prefers sin and rejection to purity and love. I refer to the girl who does not love vice, but who, bewildered by a consciousness of her weakness and of her consequent plight, would be lost to home, to hope, to Heaven, but for the timely helping hand. Again the Good Shepherd finds the lost one. He speaks to her heart in a voice like the music of many waters ; speaks of home, and love, and rest. She puts her hand in his, and He leads on.

There is also the strayed-away sheep ! Is it possible that any of God's children should have found it necessary to knock at the door of Redemption Home and ask with tears, "May I come in ?" I would not belittle the guilt ; and yet I am coming to think that perhaps one of the great surprises of Heaven will be an awakening to a consciousness of our inverted conception of sin. Be that as it may, the days are evil. The perilous times are upon us. Saved and unsaved are alike drawn into the pitfalls everywhere awaiting unwary feet.

I remember one evening in our earlier years as we sat together, fewer in number than now, when I admitted a young girl crushed with shame and sorrow, whereupon one of our number greeted the newcomer with a pathos explained by the fact that three years before these two girls had been converted about the same time, and had been baptized by the same pastor on the same evening. The



heart-wound of the older one was almost incurable. She was homeless, as most of my girls are, but a vision of a home of her own, gilded with the glow of a love in which she believed, had been before her. But her fall came, the vision of home faded, and all that remained to fill the blank was the sound of breaking idols and the taunts of Satan as she mourned over her sin. One night I was awakened, as I have often been, by someone sobbing. Going to this dear one, I found her pillow wet with tears. I urged how freely and lovingly does God forgive his wandering ones. But she replied, "Oh ! I know He has forgiven me, but I cannot forgive myself." And this is the bitterest drop in the cup of the Christian girl who comes to the Home.

Out of more than two hundred girls whom I have had the sad joy of mothering, thirty-five have been not only professing Christians, but have given every evidence of having been born again. In my blundering way I seek to love back to assurance and comfort through the Word each Christian girl, and I leave her weakness with a Judge from whose eye there is no beam to be cast out as He deals with the mote in her eye.

But there are many dead sheep for whom He gave his life, and to whom He is waiting to give life. For these, more particularly, perhaps, the Home stands.

Following our risen Head, we enter by faith the most holy place. The Shekinah glory surrounds us. The vision is one of radiance. The song is one of triumph. But even when the vision is brightest ; even when the song is highest, faith and love bow to kiss five bleeding wounds. Back to Calvary, beloved ! Back to Calvary ! Long before I knew that God would use my humble testimony to his faithfulness in answering prayer ; long before a vision of the green pastures of a so-called faith-life began to

break, there was in my heart an intense desire to give to lost women and girls the gospel of God's grace. And tonight the desire is as intense as it ever was. The magnitude of the grace that embraces all, the infinity of the love bestowed upon all, the omnipotence of the power that saves all, grow upon one until the contemplation is almost overwhelming. Well may we cry, Back to Calvary !

For thirteen years this glorious gospel of grace has been proclaimed within the walls of our Home, not only by the one who stands before you tonight, but by every child of God who in any way aids in the maintenace of the work. And may the incomparable joy of winning souls return to your own hearts.

The first young woman to become a mother in our Home was the first, as far as has been given me to know, to pass from spiritual death to spiritual life. She was a school teacher of special capability, but needed a home and Christian love as much as those less favored. For years she had built her house on sinking sand, resting upon carefully observed ordinances and works of righteousness of her own. Her fall came, and with it the revelation of her soul's great need. When God had brought her through the deep waters, endowed her with a dominant faith, and placed her in a happy home of her own, she wrote that she could thank God for her fall, believing that in no other way would she have found her Saviour. She is teaching her daughter to trust, and my heart has been made glad to read of this child's answers to prayer.

I do not number those who profess to accept Christ. The Father knows. It is seldom that a girl leaves the Home without having declared her faith in the Son of God as a personal Saviour. Many are weak and stumbling babes in Christ, but it takes so little faith to save a soul

when that faith is fixed upon the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.

In answer to prayer the Holy Spirit does his work of convicting of sin. One morning I missed a dear girl from her usual task, and going to the second floor I found her kneeling beside her bed, sobbing bitterly. I endeavored to learn the cause of her grief, and she finally exclaimed, "Oh ! I'm so black ; I'm so black !" But when the sun had gone to sleep below the western horizon, she was not black but whiter than snow.

I remember another darling girl who was found in her room after one of our Sunday evening meetings, so precious to us all. Another dear one offered to bring me the news of her sorrow, but was restrained until the burden of conviction was more than the poor girl could bear, and she cried, "You'll have to bring Mother." When I said, "Connie, what is the matter," she sobbed, "My soul ! my soul !" And that Sunday night Jesus again saw of the travail of his soul and was satisfied.

I remember when we were studying Job in our Augusta Avenue houses. A dear girl who had much to fight against—a mere child, however—was in her second year in the Home. In one of our Sunday evening hours conviction came to her so strongly that she could not rest. I had retired, but she left her room to come to me, and as she was in the hall the light broke—a light that, in spite of many failures and defects, grows brighter and brighter. Oh, beloved, what is all that this world can give compared with the joy of seeing souls born from above !

I must not linger here, although the contemplation of all that God has done by his redemptive grace would move us to unbroken praise. I close this section of my report, invoking the Holy Spirit of God to keep before us the green hill far away.

Many of God's children, especially the dear sisters, say to me, "I would like to visit the Home, but you are so far away." And so I have thought that tonight I might invite our friends to spend a day or two with us, in my mind's eye, and name this part of my message the Shepherd and the Fold.

If it is in winter, you may hear Pearl down at the furnaces at five o'clock. But sleep on a while longer. That noise that you hear about six is Sadie in the kitchen. She must work quickly; for she cares for two children and prepares our breakfast. But here she comes at six-thirty up the back stairs with that awful bell; and she knows how to ring it. Then she slips into my room and reads to me my daily portion, preluded with, "Are you awake, Mother?" The text is surely chosen to meet my need, and is as sweet as the music of home in a far country. It is the music of home. Thy statutes have become my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.

Two more bells are rung, and everyone hurries to the sewing-room—babies and all; and at seven o'clock we begin our day with "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Sadie and Pearl are Marthas and must leave us. Three others must go to the first breakfast that they may serve in the nursery and playroom during the second breakfast hour. Those who remain engage in the morning service of praise, prayer, and the reading of Old Testament Scripture.

After breakfast our ways divide. Three girls go to the laundry the first half of the week, and are given a lighter list for the second half. One goes to the pantry work, and if she dislikes washing dishes, her smile is not the kind that never comes off. Another goes to the dining-room work—a bright list, balanced with the sifting of both range ashes. The ground-floor girl seizes upon the best broom and



begins her work upon the downstairs rooms. Two girls hurry to the nursery, the "first girl" looking very wise, as the responsibility of the nursery work rests largely upon her. Two others turn to their long task on the work of the sleeping-rooms. Each has her part of the work, and, if right minded, covets the approval given her when the work is done. The girl on the stairs and halls, with the sifting of both furnace ashes, "goes on forever ;" for the song, "Mother, I've done that hall three times to-day," is often sung, set to music, in a minor key. Then there is the girl on the odds and ends, a list made for those not so strong as some of their sisters ; but she is usually strong enough to take her part in the much disliked "hanging out and bringing in" of our more than fifteen hundred pieces of laundry. One girl goes to the playroom, where she has a world of her own, peopled with the most interesting little women that can be found. Beside attending the Bible Classes, each girl does her own and her child's sewing, and, when possible, her share of Home sewing.

I must not forget the night nurse. This girl goes on duty at ten o'clock and finishes her work at six in the morning. She watches the fires, ministers to any who may be ill, prepares babies' food when necessary, attends to the proper ventilation of the rooms, looks to the windows when a storm arises, keeps a watchful eye upon the homes of the neighborhood, and gives Sadie a start with the breakfast. Then she sleeps the sweet sleep of the tired and faithful, and awakens at four for her walk and a few hours of Home fellowship.

And there is another list, especially in summer, for the girl who is not timid,—the washing of our sixty-five windows. The remaining three or four of our twenty or twenty-one girls are at work in the sewing-room, and wondering what list mother will put them on next week, and just

hoping it will not be this or that. But it usually is this or that.

One of the older, faithful girls is found as "first girl" in the sewing-room. She keeps the time record of those who come in from their house lists ; is responsible for the neatness and order of the room, and, with Pearl, makes it possible for me to cover this part of my work without outside help. And so the weeks, months, and years go by.

It all sounds easy, but it is not always easy. The girls often have physical weariness to contend with, and the newcomers have the indifference that heart-break engenders. The slow ones are sometimes too slow ; the quick are often too quick ; and so in the matter of keeping our Home it is line upon line, especially with brooms and dusters. At one time during the year I was almost at "wits' end corner," and felt that I would have to ask God for more Home help, but our Lord carried us over the difficult part of the way, as He always does.

But how time flies ! That bell is a call to ten o'clock prayer ; for we must stop for just a few moments and together look into his face and thank Him and tell Him that we love Him. He hears and smiles upon us. Then we go to our work again until noon.

Miss Wallis leads the noonday service and after our offering of praise reads from the New Testament. The mid-afternoon hour finds the task of the houseworkers finished one by one ; so that when we gather at the ringing of the four o'clock bell for thanksgiving and petition, we are almost a complete family circle. At five o'clock the mothers hurry away to the nursery.

And now comes "orchestra hour." O, dear me ! It is the hour for bathing the babes. Do not call them cross. They are not cross. They cry just because they have not cried much all day and are afraid of forgetting how. Five-

thirty is rocking-chair hour. My chair is strong, but my arms rarely encircle more than three or four at one time although there is room in my heart for them all. Six o'clock, and all is quiet. The babes are in their beds, not to be taken out until six in the morning.

After tea the girls sing hymns, sew, write letters or talk of days when sorrow was unknown.

There are special days in the Home when our routine work is augmented. There is quilt day, or painting day, or repairing day following wearing-out epidemics, when everything seems to require attention at the same time.

Sometimes there is surgery day, when the older girls make haste to convert my room into an operating room ; when Miss Wallis and I turn to the special ministries that attend such occasions ; when our surgeons come to us, look wise, speak kindly, do their work skilfully, and return to their homes larger-hearted because of a kindness done.

Sunday is always a resurrection day to us. I cannot tell you how happy I am on Sunday, with the forenoon and the evening with the girls and my Lord, and the afternoon with Jesus only. The first Sunday in each month is Missionary Day, and a good day it is.

There are days and nights of soul travail when the Spirit of God through the Word has brought conviction, and when all else is of little account until the work of regeneration has been done and peace fills the heart.

But there are discipline days, days when Satan worms himself into our midst, and, like the coward that he is, carries on his subtle work in his own silent, slippery way until a revelation of his plan is followed by such sharp defeat that he flies from the sword of the Spirit, before which he has never yet been known to stand. We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places. And there are days

when Satan puts his whole army in the field against us, days when, in spite of outward good behavior, which; thank God, for the most part characterizes our life, I am conscious every moment that I am wrestling against the unseen hosts; when an undercurrent of something that cannot always be discovered, but can be felt, opposes my progress at every step; when every word and every look must be studied; when an almost overwhelming consciousness that unless I move wisely and almost adroitly, some sort of storm will break or some kind of volcanic eruption will occur. Thank God! these are only occasional days, but they are harder on heart and brain than all that can be crowded into our busiest day. When will this destroyer of the sheep be cast into his own place of torment! The day is fast approaching, and even now there is One who overcomes for us; for that Great Shepherd who was brought again from the dead was manifest to destroy the works of the Devil, and He is abundantly able to keep that which we commit unto Him.

There are special Home days, or Home hours, more properly. Perhaps at table the conversation will turn upon something tender, something true, and before we know it the hour for dinner will have been long past. Or after tea the question will be heard, "Are you busy, mother? Will you play and sing for us?" These are love's hours, when more than ever that God-given virtue reigns supreme in our Home. And so sometimes, because love is with us, time is wasted. "Wasted?" Oh, no! Is time wasted when dew falls upon a flower for its refreshment and unfolding? One of our favorite scriptures is found in Ezekiel; This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden. May God give us all an enduement of love that the desolate places may be tilled, and that sin-broken and sin-crushed hearts



may be restored to the beauty and fragrance of God's watered garden.

It has been a heavy year in respect to mother-care. Many of the dear girls have been very dependent, two of the mothers being but fifteen years of age. But there has been many a capable, faithful one who, although not named in this report, has been a comfort to me, and whose going out from us will mean a sad loss in our Home activities and Home fellowship.

Each year there is Christmas Day, but there was never such a Christmas as that of 1912. It will always remain one of the greenest spots in our memory. Not only did God lavish good gifts upon us, but the tide of our Home joy was at the full. The girls had a glad surprise for me, and the conventions and mothers' meetings that that surprise occasioned were without number. And they had surprises for each other, and God gave us the joy of distributing in a measure to those not blessed as we are.

The glad day broke, and with the first line of light dear "Wawa" hurried to my room and bed. Then came three or four girls and children with greetings of love. But a still greater joy came into my heart as in the purple twilight of the early dawn there came from without my door the sweet strains of

Angels from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;  
Ye who sang creation's story  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.

I was not expecting to hear the singing, and it seemed like a chorus of angels. It was my girls. Oh, how I loved them then ! Do not talk to me about the bird with a broken pinion. There are no broken pinions in the realm of grace. And may the memory of the music of that

Christmas morning ever remind me, as I walk among my so-called "fallen girls," that the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin.

The years come and go, and I begin to see, although dimly, the pattern that our loving Heavenly Father is weaving. How blindly I followed on when I first heard his call, thirteen years ago ! I knew that He is love. I knew that nothing is impossible to Him. But my eyes were on the lowlands, and the perspective of years held no such vision as that which burst upon the eye of faith as today I pause to consider what God hath wrought.

My hope that our life should always be a family life is being realized. Last summer dear ones of the Prayer Circle with my own loved ones were used of God to give me a trip to the Rocky Mountains, and a precious visit with those who are as dear to me as my own life. It was my first absolute rest in twelve years ; and though much worn in body, it was not the thought of the rest and of seeing a magnificent country that was uppermost in my mind ; it was the thought that at last I was going home. "Home !" a type of that prepared place to which the pilgrim turns with longing heart : the place of love, of service, of rest, of fellowship, of joy ! The meaning of "home" unfolds with the passing years, which I fain would stay in their rapid flight, that I may teach my girls of "home."

The most essential element in a true home is love, and God has not withheld it from us. This poor world of ours needs love—not wealth, not scholarship, not genius—but love. Beloved, love someone ; and, if you have no one to love, love everyone.

We have always been a family circle ; but for years I have looked upon my girls, wondering who among them would be a Ruth, and I think I already hear the unsung

song in the life of at least two whose words and ways of devotion speak so plainly, Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee. I do not merit it. My ministry has never attained to my own ideal. How infinitely far below our Lord's standard must it then have come ! But ever and ever grace abounds, and I am not left childless.

Pearl was only sixteen when she came to me. She is now in her twenty-second year. Sadie came a few months later, and is four years older. These two girls have no horizon beyond the Home and that which pertains to it, and yet their world is a large one. They are girls, and need instructing and directing, and sometimes reproving. But they are true daughters and real helpers, and cause many a flower to bloom in my pathway.

Sadie is the Martha. She prepares the babes' food, consults with me regarding the preparation of the meals, does the cooking, the work of the kitchen and range, carries the burden of the drying of the clothes, sorts and puts them away with care, answers the door, rings the bells at the regular hours, sees that lights are out at ten o'clock, and turns out the babies tired.

Pearl is the running express. She rushes past Sadie now and then to the side line, but there comes a pause, and the steam locomotive steams into the station side by side with the running express. Pearl is our furnace man in winter, our gardener in summer ; she does the buying, the banking, and other business errands ; is emergency help in the medical work, and telephone girl ; she takes most of the trips to the Union Station to meet those who come to us by train, lends a hand in the sewing-room, gives Sadie a rest occasionally in her monotonous and often heavy work, and answers a hundred calls answered by no one else until too tired to answer more.

Beside sewing for themselves and their own little girls, five years of age, Sadie and Pearl care for and love an adopted child each, and are rewarded with all the child-love of the little ones in return. The dear girls who leave us take their babes with them, and it means to love and then to lose. So we have adopted three little ones. The third one was like Topsy—"grewed up in the corn." She was eighteen days old when I first saw her as a manly official leaned over her ; and I coveted her then for our Home and the Lord. We feel that we are in every way richer because of these three little ones to whom our arms are open.

Through the blessing of God we have but little serious illness in our Home, and yet I am continually thankful for the pair of willing hands that dear Miss Wallis brought me in October, 1911. It has been a year and a half of sweet, unbroken fellowship. From the day of her coming the Christ-like spirit and example of our nurse "Wawa" have made her a sort of daily sunrise in our Home. Our life would be one of unbearable depression but for the joy of the Lord ; and Miss Wallis' glad note of victory is more to me than wealth untold.

And so with our Home circle complete, with the organized Prayer Circle to hold up our hands, with the brethren of the Circle as Trustees of our dear Home, with the larger praying band to carry us also on their hearts, with our builder and medical staff still faithful, good neighbors still good, old friends still true, new friends raised up, and the Shepherd of the sheep slumbering not, we continue our pilgrim walk to those other pastures of eternal verdure.

It is not necessary for me to remind those present that the children keep the music awake in our hearts. My hopes are large for our children. Of our three adopted ones



two are yet young babes. The third is now three years of age, and finds her mate in the three-year-old daughter of one of our very young mothers. Then we have the five-year-old daughters of Pearl and Sadie. And many a time during the two years of weariness preceding my vacation, when I felt that I would fall in the harness, the thought of these two little girls gave me strength and courage. I pray, if God will, that I may live to see our children grow to womanhood. We love them, and believe that God has his very best for them.

The babes who leave the Home with their mothers are not forgotten. Many a time, when there comes a pause in the day's strenuous activities, my thoughts take an excursion here and there to the little ones whose soft cheeks I have once pressed to my own. How gladly would I have sheltered them all from the bleak winds of this cold world.

O little feet ! that such long years  
Must wander on through hopes and fears  
Must ache and bleed beneath your load ;

I, nearer to the wayside inn,  
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,  
Am weary, thinking of your road.

What is there in a babe whose cooing caress makes the eye moist and the heart swell with an undefinable emotion ?

I cannot foresee the future of our little ones. If our Lord tarry, I shall probably not live to know whether the path of each has been smooth or rough. But with confidence I can leave them with that loving Shepherd who carries the lambs in his bosom.

I have now come to the third and last part of my message tonight,—The Shepherd and Green Pastures.

When the tide of his genius was at the full, Robert Burns wrote :

Or were I in the wildest waste,  
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,  
The desert were a paradise,  
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.

This and like fragments of some one's sweet singing pass our ears now and then on our pilgrim way. And there are such paradises ; but they are as the ripple to the ocean, as the sunbeam to the sun, compared with the green pastures in which walks that adorable One, the Son of God. And these pastures, too, are sometimes found in "the wildest waste, sae bleak and bare." The taper burns low, but above those mountains that garrison the gates of day behold the rising sun !

The year just closing has brought us more blessing, materially and spiritually, than has any previous year of our history. From September the first until the writing of this paragraph we have known nothing that can be called a test.

But in contrast to this my thoughts go back to last August, when God dealt with us as He did with Hezekiah—left us to try us that He might know all that was in our hearts. The test begun in the summer continued with increasing severity during the whole month. On the fourteenth I wrote, Far behind in finances ; perplexed to know God's teaching and leading. But that the burden might not be too heavy I find that my message for that day was, Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. The days passed with just enough food to keep us from suffering, and many a longing there was for a good square meal. On August sixteenth I had an obligation to meet that could not possibly be set aside. It looked dark, but

the first mail brought me twenty-two dollars, sufficient for my need.

On the nineteenth I had just one cent in the house and a family of over forty to care for. I had my usual season with the Lord, and then began to look for deliverance. One of God's dear ones called and rehearsed to me her experience. She had put away two dollars in a small box for the Lord. On that day she was in sorrow, and said : "I'll go to Mrs. York, and take her also that two dollars." But she found that she had lost the key of the little box. Then she prayed God to help her find the key if He intended the money to go to us. And He who notes the sparrow's fall led the way to the lost key, and the dear saint and I praised God together. It was the drop before a shower that God sent us on that day.

But slowly and wearily did those August days move by. On the twenty-third I determined to telephone to the Treasurer of our Building Fund and say that I would have to borrow a little from that treasury, which is separate from our own for current expenses. The girls were standing heroically, but we did need food. I telephoned. The man of God was out ; and before I had time to grieve the Spirit by a murmur, the Lord sent us five dollars. Even in August there was here and there a green pasture in the wild waste. Many a time when I felt that I could not go a step farther, I looked up to see Jesus beside me. How radiant was the light of that countenance, as stars are best seen when the night is darkest. The days passed. There were several large bills to be paid, and scarcely enough coming in for our daily food. At one time our diet for three days was bread and lettuce leaves. At another time for three days it was bread without the lettuce leaves. The girls spoke not a murmuring word, but I knew that they wondered. The mental strain was intense. The strength

that I had gained while with my family, who had forced upon me everything that love could suggest, was fast slipping away from me. Miss Wallis, Sadie, Pearl, and I talked it all over, and I decided that I would ask the Prayer Circle to join me in prayer that the Lord would show me an easier way, if according to his will. I reasoned that perhaps now that the work was enlarged and that there was a greater demand upon my time and strength in every way, and since I was not growing younger and stronger, it might be the Lord's mind for me not to look to Him only for the supply of our daily need. We met as a Circle, and I told my story. But the glory light that is always around us was missing. We knelt to pray. The heavens opened, and with the first glimpse of the Shekinah glory my covenant was renewed. When we arose from our knees, the clouds that had banked the horizon had all disappeared, and there was light.

Oh, greenest of all green pastures, when at the end of a rough and cloudy way there is found the Shepherd of the sheep with the table of good things, the anointing oil and the overrunning cup prepared, while here and there among the verdant beds run the deep rivers of peace ! And the rivers run deep to this day. I had not taken my hand from his, but He felt it slipping ; and with the pressure of infinite love He clasped it more firmly than before,—the Great, the Forgiving Shepherd. Thus again did the wild waste become a paradise. Following that memorable meeting of our Prayer Circle, we have spent the most blessed winter in the history of the Home. Love has been supreme. And not only has our God supplied all our daily need, but I was soon able to cover a deficit in general current expenses of about three hundred dollars, beside paying two hundred forty-eight dollars into our Building Fund treasury.



It is customary for me to give to this meeting a rehearsal of at least a few answers to prayer vouchsafed to us during the year.

September third found us with an empty treasury and an empty larder. It was a holiday, and the one mail that day brought me an account to be paid. But a new friend brought us ten dollars. My message that day was, This is the way ; walk ye in it. It is a good way, beloved.

September fifth was concert night, and we expected two visitors for tea. I had nothing to put before them, but our Father knew, and sent us fruit, buns, butter, cheese, and seven bouquets of exquisite flowers.

On September seventh I needed money badly, and in answer to prayer our Lord sent fifty dollars. I said to the girls that we would be satisfied with a light lunch, and I would pay out the fifty dollars. But wait ! Here is a letter from Africa, with a Canadian bank note enclosed. This is for food. Oh, the tender watchfulness of the Shepherd who knows every need !

Those September days were very bright ones, as nearly all have been since the renewal of my covenant.

On September twenty-fifth I was in need, for a definite purpose each, of two dollars, and five dollars, and ten dollars. After putting the matter before the Lord, I went to a church to give a message. Our need was known to no one but God ; but that afternoon He gave me the two dollars, and before I left the church I received fifteen dollars. It was a short way to Earls court that afternoon. I breathed the breath of roses, and heard the music of brooks and birds.

Gladys and Beatrice had been promised meat when five years of age. October first was the day appointed for the great event. The day arrived, but not the meat. Everyone was thankful for a good dinner without meat,

and I told the children that the Lord would send it for supper. He did ; and one of the little girls seeing before her the desire of her eyes, exclaimed : "Mamma York said that Jesus would send meat for tea."

On October fourth my special portion from the Word was, All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive. We were honored that day with a visit from dear Miss Hatch, of India. The Lord looked into our empty Treasury and sent us a contribution from an out-going missionary to Africa, with the message, My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus. And He did thus supply. We wished to make the evening bright for our honored and loved guest, and, when Marie arranged the programme for the entertainment, she added rather doubtfully, "Refreshments." Without her knowledge the Lord had sent two baskets of fresh fruit for refreshments.

Every day has been a day of good things. I must except a few days in March when, however, we knew the cause of the leanness.

Day by day the manna fell. November ninth was a great house day. It was grand. We love such days. The Lord sent us fifty dollars in the forenoon, but no one was ready to stop work to do any cooking. So there came a large basket full of cold ham, creamed potatoes ready for the oven, buns, butter, and celery.

On November thirtieth we were papering our forty-eight-foot-long playroom. It was a piece of rush work, but I said, Girls, we must stop and ask the Lord for our supper. Before we could get to our knees, our Father sent us twelve dollars.

One day with but one cent in our Treasury and the postman having made his last call for the day, we continued to look to the Lord for the supply of our need.

During the day a man of God in another part of the city read, Whatsoever ye ask in my name, that will I do. He thought of us, and hurried to the Home with five dollars, just in time to furnish our table with necessary food.

One morning in February I asked our Father for at least twenty-five dollars. I pleaded his own Word : Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines ; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat ; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls, yet will I rejoice in the Lord. I reminded our Father that there was no blossom on the fig tree, no fruit in the field, but that I did rejoice in his faithfulness. The first mail brought me, not twenty-five dollars, but fifty dollars.

I have referred to a season of leanness in March. For some days God had been pressing me, I felt, to make a change in the personnel of my household. It seemed a hard thing to do where love rules ; but finally our supplies were withheld absolutely for days, although we were not entirely without food. The change was made, and the atmosphere cleared at once. The next morning I pleaded before God the Word that He gave me, and I told Him that I would require about seventy dollars to cover the present deficit in current expenses. The first mail brought me a cheque for exactly seventy dollars. I saw then, as never before, how sensitive is the Holy Spirit to the presence of sin, and was solemnized with the thought that God's eye is upon the most minute detail of our life. I was reminded, too, of the faith of those at the other end of the line. Faith touches faith in a life of trust. God could make bread out of stones. He could make silver out of snowflakes. He could make gold out of sunbeams. But his way is to hear the prayer of faith, and to whisper his

secret to some one in whose heart He has implanted a corresponding faith ; and the need is supplied.

The hour has slipped away, and I must close. We have seen the Good Shepherd in his search for the lost sheep. We have followed Him over the stony and dark way as, counting not the blood-drops, He has pressed on into the storm, seeking all that the Father giveth Him. We have seen the Shepherd within the fold, bringing warmth, light, love, and plenty. Every part of the fold gives evidence of the touch of his hand. His voice, tender with love, and vibrating with a music unknown to earth, is heard in every pause of our busy life. O Thou Adorable Shepherd ! We, thy poor sheep, would crowd more closely to Thee if perchance our place may be found between his shoulders who brought us to the fold.

And we have seen the Shepherd in green pastures. But here every pen fails. Nor could angels to whom was unknown the mystery hidden from all ages help us in this. The pastures may be named, but the verdure must be seen to be known. The waters may be described, but their stillness must be felt to be understood. The table may be spread, but the food must be tasted to be realized. The oil may be brought, but its anointing must be received if its power is to be known. The cup may be filled to running over, but the sweetness of the draught is only for those who drink. And I know that although our lives are diverse, very many in this meeting tonight respond to every word from my lips, having also been given a consciousness of that blessed resurrection life into which our Good Shepherd, now highly exalted because of his obedience unto death, has ushered all who trust Him. One day our stammering tongues shall be loosened, and our adorable Lord shall receive the praise now waiting for that supreme day.

Beloved, I bid you good-night in the name and in the



love of our tender Shepherd. It has been a blessed year—a blessed thirteen years. And yet, apart from all that has gone before, I shall have lived not in vain if but one shall say, because of our meeting together tonight :

I have heard the voice of Jesus,  
Tell me not of aught beside ;  
I have seen the face of Jesus,  
All my soul is satisfied.



## THE SILVER LINING

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL MESSAGE.      APRIL SIXTH, 1914

God gives our years of fading strength  
Indemnifying fleetness ;  
And those of youth a seeming length  
Proportioned to their sweetness.

**Y**ES, "indemnifying fleetness !" It seems but as yesterday since we met as we meet now ; but as yesterday since I looked into faces in which the love-light assured me of sympathy in my toilsome way.

As I turn to the writing of this message, I ask, What is it that brings us thus together year after year ? Fourteen times in fourteen years have busy women and busy men turned from loved firesides suggesting comfort and rest to listen to the same tale of sorrow, the same word of testimony, the same note of hope. I wonder. And yet there is a picture before me, and I ask, Is it not the answer to it all ?

The world is large. The vanishing point is a huge circle, dark as night. Nor is it silent darkness, as that in which one sometimes waits, with the music of one's own heart-beats, for the stars to appear. No ! It is as the darkness of hell. It is heathen darkness. For there are moanings, and cryings, and writhings without hope and without God in the world.

The next circle is smaller, and not so dark. There is a ray of light here and there. And the cries are not so piercing. Now we hear the note of a song ; now the laughter of a child ; and even a word of hope from a woman's lips.

The circles become still smaller, until now, at the centre

of vision, the more excellent glory almost dazzles the soul's eye, as through peans of praise are heard shoutings of grace, grace. From whence comes the radiance ? Listen ! And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me. It is the cross of Jesus that brings us together ! It is the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ that illumines not only our hearts and our lives, but this very room, as now for the fourteenth time we meet in that blessed name. May the Spirit of God disclose that worth and reveal those glories as we tarry together tonight.

The year has passed. A strange year it has been, unlike the previous ones, and so this message will be unlike those which it follows. And yet when all that is to be written shall have been written, let the eye of each soul read in letters of gold across every page : Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today, and forever

Some years ago those most closely identified with the Home came to realize that God's first purpose in the life and work of Redemption Home is to prove Himself a faithful, covenant-keeping God, a hearer and answerer of the prayer of faith offered in the name of his blessed Son, our adorable Lord and Saviour. And so tonight I speak first of God's faithfulness in this. It has come to be looked upon as a usual thing, nothing at all extraordinary, that within the four walls of that splendid Home in Earls court there should be found a household of nearly forty, including helpless babes and children, who from day to day receive their manna directly from God's hand. But, beloved, it is more wonderful to me today than it ever was ; more wonderful because I feel my weakness as never before, and I am awed before his strength ; more wonderful because the cries of want are growing louder, and I am melted at the thought of his care of us ; more wonderful because I have



had a fresh and keener vision of God's holiness, and I cry out, Woe is me, for I am of unclean lips and dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips ; and mine eyes have seen the King. How can He look at us ? But, blessed be God, He looks at us through the precious blood of Jesus, and He himself says, "When I see the blood, I will pass over." Day after day prayer has been offered in the all-prevailing name of Jesus ; the promises of God that cannot be broken have been pleaded, and the need has been supplied. Never in the history of our Home has there been so little in the way of tests along the line of supplies. There has been testing, some of it sharp, but less than in any previous year.

An early note in my dairy is dated May seventh, 1913. It was the eve of our anniversary, that memorable eighth of May. We had had a splendid day of love—one of our highwater-mark days, when love is supreme—the memory of which will throw its light on my path until my walk by faith has given place to the walk by sight. It had been a great day, and at seven in the evening I said, Girls, my special message this morning was, Above all things have fervent love among yourselves. A day of love! But nothing had been sent for tea, and there was no money in the house to buy food. The larder had been emptied at noon. But wait, who is this ? Here comes one of the old girls with her arms full of parcels of good things ; and here comes another ! Put away the sewing quickly. And now follow the preparation of a splendid supper, then a prayer service and a real revival in our midst ; then a time of sweet home-fellowship, then the loving "Good-night, "Good-night," and a long, sweet sleep to usher in the fourteenth year of our history.

Although our fourteenth year began in love's own light, our finances were low at that time ; and our anniversary  
F.G. 8.

month was one of waiting upon God for the deliverance that was sure to come.

We had a unique experience in May. We had had a dinner of broken biscuits and bread and water. It was the day for the meeting of my down-town Ladies' Bible Class. I had car fare to take me down and a suburban car ticket left. Our plan was that I was to go to a friend's house to tea and telephone from there if the Lord had sent me anything for the Home. Then I was to go to that dear old spot, the Yonge Street Mission, have an hour of fellowship there, and go home. I kept in prayer all the time, but nothing came my way. But while I was sitting alone in my friend's library, God said to me definitely, All things are yours. All things were mine, and my family had nothing to eat ! I went at once to the telephone and asked Pearl and Sadie to get from our grocer food for supper and breakfast. It was the only time that I have done this in the history of the Home. Of course I could not go to the Mission, as I had no car fare; but I could walk to the suburban line. And I did walk, and there was One, seen only by the eye of faith, who walked with me. It was a walk to Emmaus, beloved ! The evening with my family was a most precious one, and when Pearl paid our grocer the following day he did not know that we had not had an uncashed cheque in the house over night. We had no cheque, but we had God's promise for the supply of that particular need ; and as I write this message, I find myself penning these words : God's definite promise is as good as man's cheque.

On May twenty-third Sadie asked me if I could get a ton of coal. Seeing my hesitation, she said, "Mother, there is a letter in the box marked 'Jesus only.'" On opening the letter, I found ten dollars. It was for coal. If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ask whatso-

ever ye will and it shall be done unto you. Truly in this strangely blessed life of absolute dependence upon the promises of God, it is Jesus only all the way.

It was not until the first winter in our new Home that I began to see that our home-life was nearing, although very slowly, the ideal which for years I had had in my heart. The second winter was still better. Although I was much worn in body, those winters were, without exception, the happiest in my life. Love ruled absolutely. Our life was systematic and held to regulation, propriety, and demeanor. The babes and children were loved and given their place of blessing. The home room, where the sewing is done and the Word of God studied, was a real "home" room to us all. There also we met for our recreational evenings—music, literature, and games. I found time also for a study of English with the older girls. But, best of all, I was privileged to lead my household in the study of the Word of God. Beloved, there is the secret of any success that has attended my humble ministry, and there is the source of all joy and blessing in our home. In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God. And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. And in that fast-approaching day when every eye shall see Him as He comes in the clouds in power and great glory, with eyes as a flame of fire and on his head many crowns, we read that then his Name is called the Word of God. Oh, beloved, because the Living Word is found in the written word, that Book has made Redemption Home.

September, 1913, was an eventful month. First it took from us our much-loved Miss Wallis. A year previous to this time her widowed mother had been bereft of a son, and Miss Wallis and I both felt that she was needed at home ; but it was not until September that the step was

made plain. She took much of our sunlight with her, and our door is always on the latch to dear "Wawa."

In September, also, I formed our Junior and Senior English classes. Sadie took the Junior classes in the dining-room, and the home room was converted into a class room with Mother York as principal in general and teacher in particular. They were great days, those Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, and I felt that it was about the finishing touch to our regulation life and work. I was very happy. But in that same month I was overtaken by the painful and serious illness which made the winter of 1913-14 one of the most memorable of my life. God is love ; and six months of almost incessant pain, some of it unbearably sharp and followed by extreme weakness, must mean something to a child of God. The full meaning of God's plans and purposes of life will be unfolded to us only in that day when we shall no longer see darkly, but face to face. And yet even here there are times when alone with Him, looking into his face and listening to his voice, we can hear Him say, "Yes, this is why, my child."

I cannot refrain from making reference to some of the lessons I learned during the winter, and I must speak first of God's care of the Home. A dear friend of mine who is extremely frail in body, but strong in the grace that is in Jesus Christ, spent three weeks with us in the autumn, and I rested in the thought that my children were not motherless. As my illness became more serious, she was obliged to leave us, and the Lord sent my precious twin sister, Mrs. Baker, of Calgary, whose love from childhood has been one of God's good consolations to me. She was with us for two months, during the most anxious time of my illness, and during the Christmas season. We often say, "What would we have done without her !" The Lord knew all about it, and the Christmas of 1913, although



perhaps less large and less jubilant than previous ones, was as happy as any in our history. The day was yet far from breaking when I heard in the distance the voices of the girls and children singing, "Hark! the herald angels sing." The procession, led by my loved one, came nearer, until the music ceased, and my heart swelled with an undefinable joy as I heard at my door the soft chanting of

There's a song in the air,  
There's a star in the sky ;  
There's a mother's deep prayer,  
There's a baby's low cry,  
And the star reigns its fire  
While the beautiful sing,  
For the manger in Bethlehem  
Cradles a King.

It was Christmas morning again in the Home. The usual morning service and breakfast over, I was bidden to cover my eyes. I had been told about the downstairs Christmas tree, and I could just see how it looked, decorations and all. But when I uncovered my eyes there stood in my window another tree, green from the forest, and almost bending beneath its burden, and "all for mother." Why, beloved, pain is nothing, when there is love ! And so Christmas, 1913, was a never-to-be-forgotten one in Redemption Home. And I cannot close this paragraph without praising God for his most tender love in sending my home dear ones to me at that time. I have other family loved ones, but for twenty years my twin sister's fireside was my fireside. I was one of the family circle ; and it was surely of the most tender of God's tender touches that in my weakness and suffering all of that family now on earth should be at my bedside. You will pardon so much of personal reference, beloved ; but as my dear ones lavished their love upon me, it was surely a

fulfilment of the promise, Give and it shall be given unto you. For the separation from my family was the one real sacrifice to be made when the work of Redemption Home was begun. How I have missed them from year to year ! And yet how sweetly, how gloriously, how absolutely can our Lord Jesus fill these blanks in our lives !

Mrs. Baker brought all her energy of mind and body to the work of the Home. She gave the girls a good, a profitable, and a happy two months, did much in the line of practical ministry to make my way easier in the future, and then left us. Three days before her return to Calgary our dear Miss Pentland, a sister to one who years ago was a real blessing to us, was led our way. It was a good day for us, and she believes that it was God's leading for her. She often insists that in our many-sided life she is learning life's lessons anew ; but she has been brave, patient, cheerful, efficient ; and I thank God for the help and the comfort that she has been to me, and for the burden of souls laid upon her.

Not only did I learn how tender is God's care of my household in not leaving them unmothered, but I learned how small a part I have in God's provision for our needs. The attacks of violent pain and the consequent weakness made it impossible for me to keep our needs before God in the systematic, definite way that belongs to a life of faith. At Christmas time there was abundance ; but the lean time came, and I remember gathering my strength as best I could, and saying to myself : Our last dollar is broken ; tomorrow I must pray for supplies. But before tomorrow came our loving God and Father sent me thirty-two dollars. Again I faced a need, and while I was waiting for strength to petition our Father, He sent me fifty dollars. And so it was through all those weeks of blessing. Our Lord did not require my prayers. He accepted my love

and adoration and supplied all our need according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus.

I learned, too, a fuller meaning of the words, 'That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth . . . might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ. The faith, which is precious to God, of more than one was tried. Prayer was made by my family, the Prayer Circle, our physician, the Home household, and many of God's dear children who carry this work upon their hearts ; and yet again and again it seemed as if God had not heard. This was all in love. Faith, like the tiny limbs of the babe, can be strengthened only by exercise ; and God wills that our faith be found unto praise and honor and glory. Are we willing, therefore, that that faith should be exercised ? Let me draw a little closer to you, in this moment, beloved. What of your own dear one for whom you prayed, and concerning whom it appeared that God turned to you a deaf ear ? A trial of so precious a faith unto God that He brought that faith to the consummation of its trial that some day, in some way, no matter how dark it all looks now, that faith may be found unto praise and honor and glory. And so, if it pleased God to take your own, say nothing ; but let the work touching that precious faith go on. He knows his own act of love. Hezekiah, to whom was unrevealed the mystery of the glory, turned his face to the wall and wept. But Paul, who had seen Jesus, to whom was revealed the light of the knowledge of God's glory in the face of Jesus Christ, declared that to depart and be with Christ is far better. Say nothing, beloved.

During the winter also I had a new revelation of God's love to me, a sinner saved by grace. I do not own one foot of land ; I have not one dollar invested in any concern, or

deposited in any bank. I suppose that the world would call me poor. I call myself rich. All things are yours, and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's ! That is wealth enough for me. But if it is always all of grace, it was much more all of grace during the winter now closing, nearly four months of which I spent in my bed. But I lacked nothing. I was also given constant and loving care. If Pearl and Sadie had been my own daughters, they could not have ministered to me more faithfully or more lovingly, never weary and never failing in sympathy and devotion. And it is to the prompt, patient, efficient ministry of Dr. Gibson, our nearer physician, under God, and through your prayers, that I owe my recovery thus far. There were hours in which I did not expect to again look into your faces, but God blessed the hand that ministered, and I am yet spared, I trust, to serve. The future is hidden, but a glory-cloud envelopes it. What a winter of grace ! One evening when the eternal gates seemed not far off, I heard the girls singing, "Will there be any stars in my crown ?" And I thought, I shall not spend time exhibiting my stars—if I have them—to the saints about me. I shall fall at the feet of that shining One and, kissing those redemptive scars, shall sing :

Grace there was my every debt to pay ;  
Blood to wash my every sin away.

Another lesson : I saw as never before the holiness of God. Whether it was that I had so many hours in which to be entirely occupied with Jesus, or whether upon two occasions the veil was almost lifted, I do not know. In March, 1898, after twenty-eight years of wandering, I could say for the first time in my Christian experience, I have seen Jesus. But, beloved, I never saw God's holiness as I saw it during my illness, and I bless God for the pain ;



for I learned lessons too precious to have missed when I stand before Christ in the searching effulgence of his Godhead. This is something, beloved, that I cannot pass on to anyone. There are no words in my language to describe it—the brightness and the whiteness ; the glittering golden glory ; the fearful, refining fire of the holiness of God ! And then came the thought of sin. Oh, beloved, sin ! sin ! !—the sin of the Jew and of the Gentile ; of the moralist and the immoralist ; of the man, the woman, and the child ; known sin and unknown sin—its subtlety, its blackness, its contagion, and its death. How could even one ray of that holiness come within even an immeasurable distance of that sin ? But then I saw that—

There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

And I saw myself, and you, beloved, and all who have been washed in that Fountain, spotless before God, partakers of his divine nature, hid with Christ in God. My heart is full, and I must leave this with you, praying that the Holy Spirit of God may keep our hearts and minds turned toward these things.

As thou goest, step by step, the way shall open up before thee. After these paragraphs were written, came a long pause, during which God was holding my hand and leading me on step by step. After waiting upon Him for weeks that He would reveal some way by which it would be possible for me to continue in the work of the Home, in spite of physical limitations, I believed that my work in Redemption Home was soon to close. It is a physical impossibility for me to cover it, beloved. This has been a winter of faint yet pursuing ; but the loved ones of my

Prayer Circle and I have committed it to our loving Heavenly Father's keeping, and He will make no mistake. We shall trust and wait to know his will.

A few days ago a dear lady friend who is in a similar work said to me, "I have been in the work for three years, and my strength is nearly gone." But, beloved, by God's mercy I have been privileged to serve for fourteen years, and during that time, even when absent, the Home has never been off of my mind and heart.

I am not yet sure that the character of my ministry is not to be changed. So much of my strength is spent, and this work is most taxing. There is sin ; sorrow ; deception and ill behaviour ; care of the babies, many of them born to a heritage of weakness and disease ; upbuilding of character ; training to new habits ; instruction along all lines ; constant travail of soul for the unsaved ; holding evil spirits at bay ; softening the hardened one ; quieting the quarrelsome one ; directing the Home work often at heavy odds ; inspiring the conversation ; superintending recreations ; feeding and clothing the household ; praying in supplies ; standing in the tests ; attending to the business ; being father , mother, nurse, teacher,—it is not easy, but our Lord will lead.

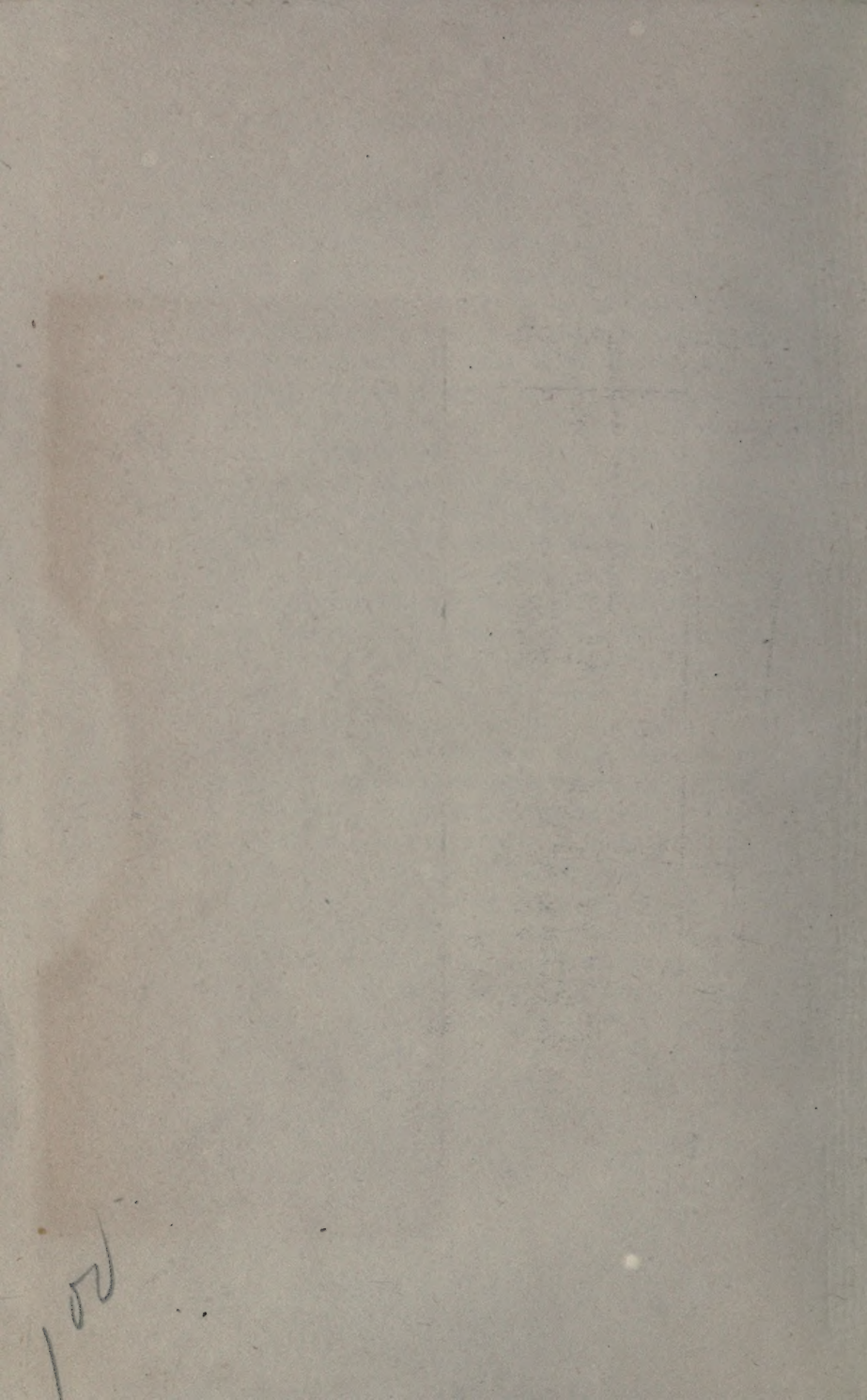
Two hundred and fifty-four girls and women have I loved and mothered and toiled for day and night. Forty-one of them have married and gone to homes of their own. One hundred and fifty-five little ones have I pressed to my heart and given the kiss of love in my anxious care of them. Few of the girls have left the Home without at least professing faith in Christ Jesus as a personal Saviour. Many have brought me great joy. Some have made me anxious. How eagerly, when my lessons are learned and my task finished, shall I watch the Eternal Gates as they open to see who comes in !

And now, beloved, in closing, what shall I say? We began this hour with a vision of our Saviour. Let us close it with Him. I present to you, O unsaved friend, Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of your lost, but never-dying soul. I present Him to you, dear babe in Christ, as the Great High Priest who keeps you by his intercession and the Altogether Lovely One who is standing ready to walk beside you through life's journey. I present Him to you, O toiler in the vineyard, as a soft pillow for your aching head, as a sweet hope for your discouraged heart, as green pastures for your weary feet. I present Him to you, O aged pilgrim, to whom even the memory of love-lit eyes is growing dim, as the eternal springtime of incarnate Love, glorious in freshness and beauty, and as unchanging as eternal. I present Him to you, saddened, stumbling child of God, as that almighty power of God that is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy. I present Him to you, O groping man of many thoughts, as the One in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, which can only feed your hungry soul, and satisfy with fulness, with richness, with power, with beauty, your unrest. I present to all who shall read this message, Jesus Christ, the effulgence of God's glory, the fulness of the Godhead, by whom the worlds were made, only Saviour, only Intercessor, Light of Heaven, Joy of Earth, Conqueror of Death and the Grave. Believe in Him; receive Him; love Him; abide in Him; learn of Him; reign with Him.









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